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THE DRAMA! THE DRAMA! THE DRAMA!*

At length, by dint of theoretical reasoning and practical experiment, the interests of the Drama are the theme of general controversy. An eminent actor attempted, with some success, the regeneration of the stage; and a poet of great genius has taken the first practical step towards the redemption of the Drama. Mr. Macready had two entire seasons for one experiment; Mr. Stephens has had but one little month for the other. As much has been accomplished by the poet, in his way, in one month, as by the actor, in his way, in two seasons. When the subject is thoroughly considered, neither has been able to advance more than a single step—Mr. Stephens has taken one step; Mr. Macready has not yet been able to take two. But the poet's one step is on an elevation to which the actor can only look with awe and terror. Thus it will ever be—the poet will ever be in advance. But inasmuch as this elevation is a *moral* one, and the level on which the other stands more popularly sensible, it will always require some exercise of the reason to place the subject in a proper light, and to prove to the common mind the rightful superiority, of which the poet, whatever his personal indiscretions, cannot be divested.

Take the statement of the different objects proposed by the Actor and the Poet in brief. Mr. Macready sought to prove against managers who had a *penchant* for spectacle and opera, that the legitimate drama, in the shape of revivals, might be made a commercial speculation. Mr. Stephens endeavoured to show that the unacted drama might be rendered actable. Mr. Macready's scheme, at the end of the first season, proved a failure,—he had lost two thousand pounds;—at the end of the second, by uniting opera and spectacle to tragic revivals, at an outlay exceeding all precedent, he contrived just to bring himself home. It yet remains, therefore, for him to prove, at Drury Lane, during the next and another season, that the plan pursued by him is commercially profitable. We know well how he has bought up the market of talent, so as to cripple the rival establish-

* Martinuzzi. A Tragedy, abridged from his Dramatic poem, entitled, "The Hungarian Daughter," by George Stephens. Second Edition, with Preface. London: C. Mitchell, Publisher to the Dramatic Authors' Theatre, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, 1841.

ment—nay, that, to the fullest possible extent, he has pursued the mere worldly policy of Mr. Bunn; and we feel assured—nay, it is demonstratively calculable—that it will prove equally ruinous. Not so with Mr. Stephens. All he sought to show, was shown on the first night of representation. In spite of an organized opposition, *Martinuzzi* was declared by a crowded audience to be not only an acting, but a successful drama. Subsequent and increasing audiences, for four and twenty successive nights, returned the same verdict. Had Mr. Stephens or his friends been in possession of a theatre, so as to run it for another month, the tragedy, beyond a doubt, would have returned an enormous profit.

Many things have to be taken into account, in considering the value and merit of Mr. Stephens's attempt. The refusal of the lord chamberlain, in the first instance, to permit the performance of the tragedy at the English Opera House as a legitimate drama, had placed the Council of Dramatic Authors *hors de combat*, and occasioned delay in its production. Mr. Stephens, however, saw, in this circumstance, a means of exposing the absurdity of the laws by which the minor theatres were precluded from the worthiest efforts, and so far promoting a beneficial alteration in them. He determined, therefore, to submit to, in order to aid in subverting, them. But this was not all; the Lyceum Theatre was only at liberty for a month, and it was foreseen that a month would not be sufficient time to subdue interested opposition and create a public taste, much less to make the venture profitable. With that chivalry which belongs to his character, Mr. Stephens determined to throw himself into the breach, at the risk of falling as the sacrifice, in a cause much misunderstood by many of its friends, insufferably maligned by its enemies, and unsupported as yet by popular sympathy.

We have spoken of interested opposition. In the first place, managers looked upon the experiment as an appeal against their decision—though it was, in fact, nothing more than an attempt to extend the dramatic arena. And in the second place, the company of playwrights were jealous of it as something that might endanger their craft. They therefore charged upon the poetic brethren a fanatical disdain for the technicalities of the scene; whereas, all that had ever been asserted, was, that while the mere playwright depended on such technicalities alone, the Dramatist would bring to them the life of genius capable of generating new developements. All he wanted, said we, was the opportunity of experience; give him that, and the dramatist will soon acquire all the mechanical skill of the playwright; while the mere playwright, not having poetic genius, never can arrive at the dignity of the dramatist. This opportunity of experience, therefore, is all that is demanded by the scheme—and this opportunity, Mr. Stephens was willing to purchase, though at a high rate; yet this the playwright clan would have denied, and forthwith entered into a crusade to prevent him from enjoying it. To observe the manner in which these technicalists have treated the entire subject, one would think that for poets to become managers of a theatre, was to commit a crime of the blackest character; instead of being, as it is, the only means for regenerating the stage, and redeeming the drama. The newspaper

press criticism has been marked by especial villany on the occasion. Bribes have been received for censuring, and unblushingly demanded for praise. Never has its venality been more extensively illustrated.

Meantime, as we have said, there was a necessity for creating a public taste; towards which, the efforts of that same corrupted press might have been serviceable. What the Authors' Theatre proposed, was to promote the dramatic rather than the theatric. The vulgar taste, of course, prefers the latter; and Mr. Macready's spectacular revivals have tended to confirm the mischievous prejudice. This course of proceeding on his part, has therefore increased the difficulty of putting the purely dramatic on the boards, to which is to be added the extra difficulty, in the present distribution of acting talent, of obtaining efficient performers for any play that is not almost a monodrama. The lovers of modern dramatic genius, therefore, will have to found a dramatic school for actors, before their plans can be fully realized. They have, in fact, to raise the theatre from utter ruin. To effect this object, they are willing to make uncommon sacrifices, to incur enormous risks; and yet the selfishness of those who ought to enter heart and soul into the cause, opposes every possible impediment to a righteous determination. Shame, oh, burning shame! to the various cliques who are so blinded by stale custom and opinions that are or ought to be obsolete, as not to recognize and cherish the new spirit that is awakening and pervading these modern times. Fools! they know not that a great cycle is closed, and that another greater still is opening. For our part, we will echo in the Old World, what Emerson is proclaiming in the New, that Genius is no more dead in the modern drama and poetry, than God is in modern religion and inspiration. The spirit yet lives and works in both, animating, informing, supporting the world of forms and the chaos of matter, with ideas and principles which were in the beginning, which are in the middle, and shall be in the end.

It is now long since, that the *Quarterly Review* attributed the decline of the drama to the usurpation of the actor. The actor, we were there truly told, "had, from being a subordinate part of the general illusion, usurped the principal, and claimed as his own the undivided interest of the audience. With our simple ancestors," continued the critic, "the play was every thing; the actor we conceive, of much less importance." Our readers know that this statement is too true; but now comes an extract from the same article, to which we request particular attention.

"We," (says the critic,) "*will venture to predict, that so long as the dramatic writer is sunk to a subordinate station in the general corps dramatique, second to the mechanist and scene-painter, as well as to the actor—only in somewhat higher relative position than the opera poet to the composer of music—so long as even a really good play, feebly or inadequately performed, would have no chance of success, so long the drama will remain far below the poetic average of the elder period.*"

It is for us to put an end to the state of things condemned in this sentence, and to project a better. Had *Martinuzzi* failed, instead of succeeding, its failure would only have fortified the above position. As it is, we are enabled to pronounce it "a really good

play;" both "strongly and adequately performed" in its higher departments, though wanting in the lower, and, perhaps, the general *mise en scene*.

Martinuzzi is a "really good play."—It is good of its *kind*; that is, it is of the highest and purest kind of drama. This position has nothing to do with the *degree* of its merit: it asserts simply its excellence in kind. Also, it is of the purely dramatic, and not the corrupt theatric sort of play. It is as purely dramatic almost as a tragedy of Æschylus. It is almost as simple. Its *five great scenes* (and THESE ARE AMONG THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD) are dialogues; they have each two interlocutors, and no more; and are supported with miraculous power. We are taken at once back to the simplicity of the Grecian drama in its origin;—a fact which points, too, to *Martinuzzi* as the *first* of a *new* series of dramatic productions, and which is further corroborated by the circumstance of the author's having altogether taken the initiative in its performance. It is marked by every sign as *The Beginning* of a new order of things, which having once commenced, will not finish until the purpose of its commencement be accomplished.

It were only expedient were we to consider awhile the small point from which the Æschylean drama commenced. First, the Father of Greek poetry had to make the *λόγος* or *theatrical declamation*,* the principal part in his tragedy, instead of the choral song. *Martinuzzi* has been performed for the purpose of winning a theatre from the defunct operatic to the new-born elocutionary. To return to the Greeks: The Greek dramatist hired and paid his own actors. It is probable that the *τριλόγια*, in its old sense, was originally a *πρό-λογος*, and two *λόγοι* or *ρήσεις* instead of one; consequently, an increase of business for the *ὑποκριτής*. Æschylus, having added a second actor, each of these *λόγοι* became a *διάλογος*, or *δρᾶμα*, and ultimately each of these *διάλογοι* expanded into a complete play. Just to this point Mr. Stephens has attained in his progress; he will naturally grow with practice into more extensive stage combinations; we would rather see him at first an Æschylus, than either a Sophocles or Euripides: what there is of him is a sincerity, not a Bulwerish pretension. "Pretension! thy name is Bulwer! Stephens, sincerity and heroism!"

Martinuzzi is a "really good play." It is good in its *conception*. The Cardinal is a character finely conceived. He is a man who reads to us continually the sublime moral lesson of the Gospel:—"Judge not according to appearances, but judge a righteous judgment." All appearances are against the Cardinal—yet is he an innocent man. The sins of others have covered him as with poisoned raiment, and from the beginning he stands before us as a sacrifice devoted on the altar of his country, bearing and to bear the obloquy of others' misdeeds. Ultimately his fame is cleared of all aspersion; but his life is lost in the purifying process. All this is not only admirably shadowed, but well portrayed. It is a true poetic idea, and places Mr. Stephens at all but the summit of dramatic invention.

* That this is the meaning of *λόγος* in the passage of Aristotle is sufficiently clear; for *λογεῖον* was the stage on which the actor, as distinguished from the chorus, performed. We cannot help referring mystically to the first verse of St. John's Gospel. The connexion of the drama with religion is yet to be traced.

Such a conception as this required a peculiar construction for the tragedy. Some may think its construction defective. It is no such thing. *Essentially* it is perfect; though in some *accidental* points, perhaps, improvable. But the fact is, that, with such a conception, the stage technicalities, of which so much ignorant talk has been made, were scarcely at all available. It was needful that the inmost heart and character of *Martinuzzi* should be thoroughly understood, before his conduct was presented. The play, therefore, opens with soliloquies and occasional conversations, which serve only to show that a suffering honest man in high station, and surrounded with manifold perplexities, stands before us. His interview with *Rupert* then puts us in possession of the circumstances which cause the hero internal trouble. Had we "only known the facts," as *Rupert* did, like him, we should have suspected the Cardinal's probity; but we already know the man, and therefore can interpret the facts better. We know that *Martinuzzi* is incapable of dishonour; we have seen him in his private moments—have overheard his heart-communings, and are ready, therefore, thoroughly to credit his statements. We believe him fully, when he exclaims—

"I saw the danger, and I cast
My honour in the nation's gap; did force
The hold of pride, and wrench the bent of nature;
Did doom myself to gnawing cares for ever!"

From this point we sympathize with him in every situation. Does he out-manœuvre Ferdinand, and brow-beat *Castaldo*? We justify him—we are sure that his motives are right, and vindicate by them his actions. That a soul suffering internal travail should so conquer its pain as to triumph over external forces also, and stand the chief among men, is a sublime spectacle, worthy of being classed with the Satan of Milton, the Prometheus of Æschylus, and the Job of the Bible.

In regard to the other characters, they are all of that stately kind which befits them for the adjuncts of a solemn theme. *Isabella* is a majestic character that finely counterpoises the hero. She is Medea, Clytemnestra, and Lady Macbeth combined in one. Every scene in which she appears is Shakesperian, and is equal to the master's own. Each is sustained at the due tragic elevation—the slightest lapse would be fatal. The passions portrayed in them are full of peril to the dramatist; but he steers safely and triumphantly through. His wing is not wearied, nor his vigour at all impaired: he is equal to the heights and depths of passion—he is in his element, whether he dives or soars—all is genial.

If *Isabella* may pair off with Lady Macbeth, *Castaldo* is very nearly equal to Macbeth himself. He is, in fact, just the same kind of character, without, however, his bravery, and is besides engaged with love-passages instead of war-accidents. *Castaldo* is touched by the poet with exceeding tact and delicacy—if in the other persons of the tragedy he has shown genius, in him he has shown taste. The state of delirium in which *Castaldo* is exhibited in the second scene of the fifth act, is a marvellous piece both of conception and construction.

All the objects *Castaldo* beholds are coloured by the subjective condition of his mind. Every thing becomes *unearthly*—*Czerina* herself is but an apparition—and the sword she places in his hand is a spectral weapon, air-drawn;—in a word, we have here the utmost sublimity of tragedy, requiring an actor of surpassing power to embody.

Czerina is a being who feels an inexplicable contradiction in her nature and destiny. She is throughout "queen and no queen." Something oracular within her intimates to her that she is in a false position. Her nature corresponds not with her regal destiny, and thus foreshows that she was not *born* to the state that invests her. The riddle is at last explained when she learns that she is *Martinuzzi's* daughter—but its solution makes death for her the best expediency. The answer to the enigma is written in her blood. The *tableau* at the end of the drama is perhaps the most effective picture ever presented on the stage. The latter part of the fourth act is very good. In fact, the whole drama might easily be presented as a *ballet d'action*, without a word spoken, and be well understood, the previous history of the exchange of the children being premised.

So much then for the conception and construction of the piece. We now come to the execution. First, the style is highly metaphorical. Shall we complain of this? Not we! So was that of *Æschylus*. This peculiarity marks and distinguishes the position of the author. He is the *Æschylus* of a new theatre. The *Sophocles* and *Euripides* will come by and bye, and soon enough, for we prefer *Æschylus* to either. Our *Æschylus*, like the one of old, speaks trumpet tongued. Let *Aristophanes* describe both.

"Surely unbearable wrath will rise in the thunderer's bosom,
When he perceives his rival in art, that treble-toned babbler,
Whetting his teeth: he will then, driven frantic with anger,
Roll his eyeballs fearfully.

Then shall we have plume-fluttering strife of helmeted speeches,
Break-neck grazings of galloping words and shavings of actions,
While the poor wight averts the great genius-monger's
Diction high and chivalrous.

Bristling the stiffened mane of his neck-enveloping tresses,
Dreadfully wrinkling his brows, he will bellow aloud as he utters
Firmly rivetted words, and will tear them up plank-wise,
Breathing with a Titan's breath.

Then will that smooth and diligent tongue, the touchstone of verses,
Twisting and twirling about, and moving the snaffle of envy,
Shatter his words and demolish, with subtle refinement,
Doughty labours of the lungs."

We make a present of this translation to the *ignorant* detractors of Mr. Stephens; informing them that the verses belong to a chorus of initiated persons who are speaking of a contest between *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, and express in the above lines their expectation; comparing, by the way, *Æschylus* to a *lion*, and *Euripides* to a *wild boar*. Mr. Stephens, we are sure, will not reluctant at being classed with *Æschylus*.

To the author of *Martinuzzi*, then, be great honour rendered. The initiator of a new era of dramatic literature, he has come forward,

with unexampled heroism, to incur the perils of martyrdom; he has put much of his property, and all his reputation, at risk for the sake of a noble cause. He has been met, as might have been expected, with reproach, misapprehension, and ingratitude—but his undaunted heart still dares to anticipate a triumph which shall still surely come to him, living or dead. To have at all partaken the labour shall be our pride till we perish.

SOCRATES.

BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

SOCRATES (*before the Altar of the Unknown God*).

HERE let me stand. To me there is a charm
 In this old stone—a mystic fascination—
 A spell-bound and spell-binding mystery.
 Whence—wherefore—this inscription? What the sense
 That lurks around the words? Oft have I turned
 From the gorgeous temples, and the dazzling pomp
 Of sculptured fanes, where the Athenians worship
 The thousand gods of Homer, to this lone
 And simple altar. 'Tis a revelation
 Of a far higher mythology—the grandeur
 And glory of transcendent science veiled
 In simulated ignorance. How my soul
 Expands to the eternal Nameless, when my eyes
 Wet with strange tears rest on these syllables,
 “To the God Unknown.” The Deity of Deities—
 Dark with excessive light—Men know him not.
 They must be gods themselves, and in themselves
 Reflect the inscrutable essence, ere they know
 That which he is. The infinite cannot
 Be apprehended by the finite, till
 The finite merges in infinitude.
 'Tis well. I would know God, as the Unknown,
 Unknowable, fount of knowledge. I rejoice
 To lose myself among the sombre veils
 That shroud his name. The light of light must be
 A light most blinding—in the midst of clouds
 And darkness is its dwelling. Let no vain
 Impious presumption prompt the audacious hand
 To tear the curtains from the Ineffable.
 'Tis the mysteriousness of Deity
 That makes it so attractive. The deep wish
 Of searching, the rich hope of fathoming
 His perfect attributes still urge us onward.
 Methinks this most divine ambition

Flourishes best among the dewy shades
Of a most youth-like faith—too much of knowledge
Would mar the fine enchantment.

The GENIUS OF SOCRATES suddenly making an apparition.
Socrates.

SOCRATES.

God of my fathers, shield me! Who, and whence
Art thou, that on my lonely meditation
Stealest like a spirit? Ah, thy eyes are kindling
With a radiance not of the earth, and thy swift step
Is silent as the snowfall. Beautiful presence,
If thou be more or less than mortal, speak,
I do adjure thee.

GENIUS.

Mark my answer well.
From Jove I come. I am thy guardian genius,
One of the Olympian angels who go forth
With high command to educate men's souls
For an immortal glory. Such the charge
That from the gods I did receive o'er thee.
Even from thy cradle have I dwelt within
Thy spirit like divine vitality,
And made thy echoing conscience resonant
With holy admonitions. Socrates,
Thou hast obeyed me well; and, therefore, now,
In sensible apparition I appear
Before thee, to instruct thee what thou art,
And what thou shall become.

SOCRATES.

Wonderful spirit
Of love and wisdom. Then it was no dream
That some supernal watcher compassed me
With his mysterious breathings. 'Twas thy voice
That harmonized the silence with the deep
Soul-thrilling symphonies of truth;—thy words
That vibrated along the chords of thought,
Making me start and tremble.

GENIUS.

Yes, 'twas I.
Hast thou not marked a sudden flashing of light
Glance o'er thee when thy weary eyelids slept
On the tears they shed? Hast thou not caught the traces
Of future scenes in tranced anticipation?
And when those scenes came in reality,
Felt sure that thou hast traversed them before,
By past familiarity prepared
To act aright through all their changes? When
Thou hast hesitated on the verge of action,
Hast thou not heard a voice cry—Socrates!

Do this, or do it not? Hast thou not found
A kind of conscious impotence gain on thee
While planning some misdeed of vice?

SOCRATES.

I have;
And when long intricate subtleties have wound
My harassed soul almost to the point of madness
With jarring doubts, was it not unto thee
I've owed the dawning of some radiant star
Of truth within me, which, like Hesperus,
Smoothed the vexed waves of strife.

GENIUS.

All this, and more,
Have I wrought in thee; for I longed to make thee
A blessing to thy country and thy kind:
And now before this altar, which the citizens
Raised to the God that stayed the plague at Athens,
Come I to show thee more than is revealed
To other men.

SOCRATES.

Celestial Genius, speak!
My soul shall hear.

GENIUS.

List the command of Jove!
If thou obeyest my guidance, thou shalt be
Hailed as the wisest of the wise of Greece;
Thou likewise shalt diffuse thy wisdom freely,
Without all grudging, unto all who seek thee;
And in thy daily life's reality
Be all that other sages merely boast;
So shall thy name be dear to all the gods
And all the godlike, and eternal bliss
Shall ripen in thy heart.—Divinity
Itself shall so inspire thee, that thou too,
Obedient to its impulse, shall become
Divine. But think not so, my Socrates,
To escape the teeth of envy—nay, the more
Thy merits shall develope their rich fruit,
The more the false, the base, the secular
Will hate thee and detest thee. Thou must dare,
And bear their malice bravely. They will call
Thy piety profanation, and thy patriotism
Rebellion, and thy darling innocence
The very vice of vices. They will bring thee
Before the judges, and their unjust sentence
Shall doom thee to the death. But death will give thee
A life like mine, and in the spirits' world
We will exult together—evermore.

Socrates.

SOCRATES.

Aid me, ye listening gods! that I may do
All your commands.

GENIUS.

Kneel, Socrates, and I
Will grant the Immortal's benediction.
Swear by the Eternal One that thou wilt consecrate
Thyself to his service, and the cause of man,
Even to the death.

SOCRATES.

Before high heaven, I swear it!

SCENE II.

Enter SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES.

SOPHOCLES.

Well met, grandson of Phœbus, son of Thesbis,
Brother of Æschylus. By the stars, I love
To hear men praise thee—that is, next to myself—
I like a generous rival, and a brave one,
From my very heart of hearts. Euripides,
You are my diamond spur—you goad the sides
Of my flagging genius into a fiery race,
Worthy of Phaeton; and if, like him,
I can but set the world in flames—why, truly,
If I be roasted in the blaze I kindle,
I'll not complain.

EURIPIDES.

My heart echoes thy meaning—
I owe as much to you; 'tis Sophocles,
Who makes me what I am. Our common father,
Promethean Æschylus, has left his genius
Parted betwixt us; let us be as brethren.
He was our solar orb—we are to each other
As planets that reflect his radiance since
He stooped o'er the horizon.

SOPHOCLES.

Even so:

Be it a brother's wager. From this time
Let us so hold it. I am conscience sick,
Remembering our past jealousies;—I hate
The envy of fair fame, which made me scorn
All laurels but my own. Our popular contests
Were stained with this false passion; and that rogue,
Arch Aristophanes, the bitter wag,
Has fooled us both.

ARISTOPHANES (*entering*).

Good morning, gentlemen!

Was not my name even now upon your lips?
Pray take it not in vain; its signification
You'll allow is superexcellent.

SOPHOCLES.

You are merry,
 As usual, you most comical of mortals !
 The town is full of you ; you have beaten us both
 Out of the field with your confounded mummeries.
 The Athenians were once famed (so say the chronicles)
 For small and dainty mouths—but, sooth to say,
 Since Aristophanes appeared, they're grown
 As broad as the broad grins you force upon them.

ARISTOPHANES.

You hit me hard—you grand tragedians
 Are dreadfully facetious. Nothing less
 Than murdering even in jests. Achilles' steed
 Dancing in ladies' slippers, were scarce more
 Ineffably funny—fun, as Socrates tells us,
 Consisting in an essence he calls *contrast*—
 A jumble of pathos and bathos.

EURIPIDES.

Talking of Socrates,
 Hast seen him lately, Aristophanes ?
 He is more shy, reserved, and solitary
 Than was his wont.

ARISTOPHANES.

What, once more in the clouds !
 Sublimed abstractions ! By the faith of comedy,
 I'll write a play, and give it for a name,
The Clouds of Socrates.

EURIPIDES.

And if thou dost,
 Thou'lt damn thyself, not him. Believe me, jester,
 His clouds are clouds of glory ; like the Aurora
 That robes the dawning sun in midsummer—
 A dewy intermission, kindly sent
 To veil the instantaneous theophany
 Of too much brightness. Nay, confine thy muse,
 If I may call it by so fair a name,
 To the Athenian cockneyism, wherein
 She flaunts and flourishes : dare not to violate
 The august divinity of heavenly truth
 That kindles Socrates—the Olympian virtue
 Of the gods is in him. Aristophanes,
 'Tis not for such as thee, irreverent man,
 To violate such a name. Or if thou dost,
 They will compare thee to some hooting owl,
 That winks his vulgar staring eyes in the day-beam
 And thinks it darkness.

ARISTOPHANES.

Thank you, good Euripides ;
 Lay it on thick ;—give me the best of your brogue.

'Twill marvellously improve my comic vein.
 I owe you one for this. Mark, how I'll pay you ;—
 I talked about these Clouds of Socrates
 Only in badinage—your biting censure
 Has made it earnest. Ay, fair gentleman,
 By the gods above, I'll write it! and your pet
 Philosopher shall cut such capers as
 Will cool his friends and heat his enemies.
 Euripides shall weep to see his master
 Playing the fool; and in thy private ear,
 Conceited, priggish moralist, I'll tell thee
 A thing or two. I hate that Socrates,
 Whom thou admirest—hate him with a hate
 Of outraged love ;—yes, I too loved him once ;
 But he in his insidious quiet style
 Began to jeer my fooleries, as he called them,
 And painted my debaucheries in crimson.
 Beware the hate of a comedian—
 The sweetest honey-bees have sharpest stings—
 The mellowest wine makes acidest vinegar ;—
 Mark me—I'll make your giant Socrates
 Look like a pigmy : I will write him down
 From his high pedestal, till he become
 The scoff of fools—perhaps, even something worse
 Than this, thou little reck'st of. In the mean time
 Keep a civil tongue, and for yourself take care
 How you provoke my spleen ; the Athenians
 Have itching ears, and I've the tickling of them.

EURIPIDES.

Go, do thy worst ; I ever knew thee for
 A poisonous anomaly of nature—
 A hot head and cold heart.

ARISTOPHANES.

You will repent
 Your words ; and, if I'm not entirely mistaken,
 I'll make you eat them too.—Poisonous, forsooth !

SCENE III.

SOCRATES (*in a Temple of Jupiter*).

Father of gods and men ! I come to adore
 Thy presence in this Temple, which the vows
 Of our first ancestors did consecrate
 To thee. These tempest-worn, time-shattered walls,
 Circled thy altar immemorially,—
 Ay, in the olden age, before the fanes
 Of Pallas or of Theseus yet were known.
 There is more solace here,—at least to me,—
 In this small solitary church, than in
 The gorgeous ceremonials of the priesthood

That throng the pillared Parthenon. My heart
Is sick of spiritless formalities :
I want a God most absolute, essential,
And universal—the spirit of all spirits,
That, like my guardian genius, shall be felt
Palpably working through the all-conscious soul.
Of Him the endless gods of Polytheism
Are but reflections, made more intricate
By wearing names—so many and so strange,
That memory groans beneath mythology.
Would I were quite convinced !

CRITO (*entering*).

How now, my Socrates?—

What, in the name of all that's marvellous,
Makes you so fond of solitude?—You seem
To spare no pains to illustrate the old saw,
“ Ne'er less alone than when alone.” Your friends
Have all been hunting for you. Not a corner
Of Athens has escaped them.

SOCRATES.

Noble Crito,

I was not, as you think, in solitude :
This ancient Temple was my company ;
And with it I was holding parley when
You found me.

CRITO.

Ay, just in the very middle
Of some elaborate soliloquy :
You are the most determined moralizer,
Sweet Socrates, that ever walked in Athens.

SOCRATES.

If I plead guilty, what's the penalty ?

CRITO.

That you will moralize less by yourself,
And more among your friends. In faith, good people
Are scarce enough, and we can't spare you, and
'Twere pity that so many pleasant speeches
Should be lost in the air, whose better home
Were the memory of our young philosophers.

SOCRATES.

Crito, you are a friend—a friend of friends—
A real, honest, thorough-going friend—
Worth a whole million of acquaintances !—
How much I owe you ! My true soul expands
To thee, as doth a heliotrope unto
The sunbeam. My heart warms and yearns toward thee.
When I was nothing—nothing but a bubble
Of accident—an unfledged artist, dabbling

In poetry and sculpture—unadmired,
 Untutored, and unaided—Crito! you
 Were the first to read me truly. You discovered
 A something which distinguished Socrates
 From other men. That something had been lost
 In the sea of Casualty; but, like a pilot,
 You rescued me, broken by the jarring storms
 Of pitiless fortune. Your experienced hand
 Guided my drifting shattered bark to port—
 You patronized me! May the just Gods bless thee!—
 Most nobly, generously patronized me,
 Just when the mob of sophists cast me off.
 To thee springs my best gratitude. Who else
 Gave me the means to emancipate heaven's truth
 From the clouds of reeking ignorance?—who else
 Brought me in contact with the noble few
 Whose spirits sit enthroned 'mid serene airs
 Of divine wisdom—unto whom the eyes
 And hearts of men turn wistfully, as if
 They recognized the visible incarnations
 Of demi-gods.

CRITO.

No more: your compliments
 Are undeserved, my Socrates. Believe me,
 In honest faith, 'twas something little better
 Than selfishness that made me cherish thee;
 I knew that I could make you that which should be
 A blessing to myself, and to the state
 Of Athens. Was it interest or virtue
 Led me to choose you?

SOCRATES.

Interest, dearest Crito,
 When true, is one with virtue—Virtue is
 None other than our truest interest:
 Don't undervalue your good self, nor satirize
 The deeds that win my love.—Now I must go
 To visit Academus.

CRITO.

Fare thee well.

SCENE IV.

Enter EURIPIDES and PHÆDON.

EURIPIDES.

Happily met;—Phædon is always welcome.

PHÆDON.

What news, Euripides?

EURIPIDES.

I don't know of any.

PHÆDON.

That's news, at least, that there should be no news
 In this news-mongering Athens. Tell me, now,
 How goes your tragedy?—I love the character
 You have chosen for your hero—Hercules—
 You've drawn his picture to the very life :
 I see him struggling to defeat the passion
 Which boils in his hot nature. To my thinking,
 The heroic struggler with temptation is
 Worth a whole host of easy-going plodders,
 Who are good for want of courage to be wicked.
 I see this metaphysical contest waged
 In him : his virtue grows more virtuous in
 Its keen encounter with the vehement energies
 Of vice. I see that he who conquers self,
 Can conquer all things : therefore do I love
 Our master Socrates—Integrity
 Beams in his countenance.

EURIPIDES.

You've a deeper science

Of fair psychology, than any boasted
 By our quack physiognomists. I'll tell you
 A curious story, worth the listening :—Yesterday,
 As I was standing in the sacred grove
 Of Academus, chatting pleasantly
 With Socrates, and others,—lo ! there came
 A physiognomical professor in,
 And challenged all that he would read our characters
 By rules of what he termed Phrenology :
 Faith, 'twas a merry and conceited knave,
 Who talked of occiputs and frontal sinuses
 Most laughably. Well, just to try the man,
 Socrates let him feel his head ; and after
 A thousand queer manipulations,
 Looking the while as knowing as a Nestor,
 He passed his verdict.

PHÆDON.

By the stars, what was it ?
 Some flattering compliment, no doubt.

EURIPIDES.

My Phædon,

Your prejudice runs so strongly in his favour,
 You'll never guess.

PHÆDON.

Then tell me,—I'm inquisitive.

EURIPIDES.

He said, that Socrates was the greatest scoundrel
 That ever he set eyes on.

Socrates.

PHÆDON.

Capital !

EURIPIDES.

'Twas capital ! for, by a happy chance,
The rascal was within an ace of the truth.

PHÆDON.

How mean you ?

EURIPIDES.

Ah ! no wonder that you stare,
Just as the auditors did, who, had I not
Come to the rescue, would have massacred
This Mercury of pericraniums.
“ Forbear, (said Socrates,) the man has hit
The mark he aimed at, and I like him better
For speaking his opinion openly.
I may have conquered and subdued myself,
By the grace of Heaven, to something passable
As a character ; but if I have, I’ve done so
By waging with myself incessant war,
And immolating selfishness. There never
In any human breast were stronger passions
Of lust, and anger, and ambition.
They are broken now,—I’ve dashed their galling yoke
Into a thousand splinters : but no other
Than Death himself shall quite obliterate
The scars their bloody bondage left upon me.”

PHÆDON.

How ended this adventure ?

EURIPIDES.

He invited

The man to dine with him, and gave him silver
For his honesty.

PHÆDON.

Such is his singular method
Of making friends ; to act as nobody else
E’er dreams of acting. Let us walk together
To Aspasia’s symposium,—I have something
I wished to argue with you.

EURIPIDES.

Well, the walk,

And the talk, are excellent sound recipes
For a good appetite ; worth all the nostrums
Of your quack doctors.

PHÆDON.

You shall have them both.

SCENE V.

The Saloon of Aspasia.

Enter PERICLES, ASPASIA, SOCRATES, XANTIPPE, ALCIBIADES, and several Athenian ladies.

PERICLES.

Heaven's blessing on thee, my Aspasia!
When Pericles is all but dead with the cares
Of the jarring day, an evening spent with thee,
And these sweet friends, restores him, like Jove's nectar,
To the dream of youth and beauty!

ASPASIA.

Ah! my lord,

Your youth may be a dream—an idle dream;
But for *my* beauty, I do hope it is
A little more substantial, or my mirror
Is a sad flatterer.

PERICLES.

You provoking creature,
How you do love to tease! I wonder Pericles
Has not long left you.

SOCRATES.

I don't wonder at it;
If Pericles to Pericles is known,
He knows that this same delicate frowardness,
Doth make Aspasia still more loveable.

XANTIPPE.

Don't flatter, Socrates—I'm quite ashamed
To hear you talk so; you—a grave philosopher!
You'd make her think, with your sophistical cant,
Her very faults are amiable.

SOCRATES.

Indeed,

My dear sweet gentle Tippet, I do think so;—
But don't be jealous; if I've called her Venus,
You know I've called you Juno.

XANTIPPE.

Silence, Sir!

Tippet, indeed! I will not have my name
So barbarously pronounced; I do detest
Such liberties in public;—use in future
A little less familiarity.

SOCRATES.

Never mind, Tippet, 'twill be the same thing
When we're asleep, and that most active animal,
Your saucy little tongue, forgets to prattle;
Nay, do not weep,—your tears will discompose

Those mild and serene features, and disturb
The doves that nestle in your dimpling smiles.

ASPASIA.

Now, dear Xantippe, don't be angry with him ;
Even Pericles, the most polite of men,
Cannot make prettier speeches,—they should win
The heart of any woman.

XANTIPPE.

By your leave,
Lady Aspasia, I *will* be angry
When I think proper. Have I not a right
To plague him when I please? What is the use
Of a husband, if you cannot scold him when
You are in the humour?

ASPASIA.

Nay, my dear Xantippe,
I really think a husband of more use
Than what you mention : I find Pericles
Convenient for a thousand little purposes,
Besides being scolded.

ALCIBIADES.

What, in the name of Cupid,
Could have bribed Socrates to give his hand
To Tippet, as he calls her?

XANTIPPE.

Alcibiades,
You are a wild, impertinent jackanapes ;
A good-for-nothing, foppish libertine ;
A namby-pamby booby ; a combination
Of a monkey and an ass ; a mere apology
For a man ; for you, indeed, to term me Tippet—
O, breath and patience!—

SOCRATES.

Don't fatigue yourself,
Meekest and mildest of all wives ; and I
Will answer Alcibiades : his question
Was a frank question, truly,—and as frankly
Will I reply,—in thy sweet presence, lady,—
I scorn to take advantage ; you shall hear
Before your face, the words I will not say of you
Behind your back.

ALCIBIADES.

When were her nails cut last ?
Pray keep them short, dear Socrates, and take
Particular care of your ears—she looks as if
She'd pinch them soundly.

SOCRATES.

Faith, and so she does ;
And that I may be safe from her assault,

During the progress of my history,
I do beseech Aspasia and the ladies
To take my Tippet into special charge ;—
That's right—place her between you—hold her hands
Tight, or she'll scratch.—Now you shall hear my wooing.

ASPASIA.

Now don't be too sarcastic.

SOCRATES.

No, dear ladies,—
I won't be too sarcastic—I will tell
The merry tale right merrily. When I
Was a bachelor—heaven bless the mark !—I was
Too happy, much too happy ;—So to qualify
My happiness by some discomfitures,
I looked out for a wife—ay, for a wife !
Most cross, perverse, wilful, intractable—
Methought if I would learn true heroism,
I must dare and bear all things—I must gain
An absolute conquest o'er myself, and curb
My temper, till strong fortitude and patience
Supplant all weakness, fretfulness, and anger ;—
And as I knew that all perfection grows
To what it is by practice, I resolved
To marry a downright shrew—ay, and to tame her :—
Such was my game—a dangerous one you'll say.
It was its dangerousness that made it pleasant.
I did not seek an amiable, sweet lady
Like our Aspasia ;—loving hearts like hers
Are easily managed—aren't they, Pericles ?
I would not marry a meek simple maiden,
In whose warm love the current of my life
Might flow as smoothly as a Lethe. No,—
Such marriage were most dull, monotonous,
Inspid, nauseating from lusciousness.
I ran another course—I saw Xantippe,
A name proverbial for a downright vixen ;
The terror of all Athens. Not a man
Would venture near her ; mothers warned their daughters
Not to be like Xantippe. If babies cried,
Nurses knew how to hush them in a moment,
By whispering in their ears, “ Xantippe's coming :”
Such were the charms I wanted in a bride ;
I made my offer—was accepted,—and
You know the rest.

ALCIBIADES.

Say, have you not repented ?

SOCRATES.

Not a jot. I find delight in managing
Xantippe, just for the same reason, as

Those mild and serene features, and disturb
The doves that nestle in your dimpling smiles.

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And that I may be safe from her assault,

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The merry tale right merrily. When I
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And as I knew that all perfection grows
To what it is by practice, I resolved
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I ran another course—I saw Xantippe,
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The terror of all Athens. Not a man
Would venture near her ; mothers warned their daughters
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Nurses knew how to hush them in a moment,
By whispering in their ears, “ Xantippe's coming :”
Such were the charms I wanted in a bride ;
I made my offer—was accepted,—and
You know the rest.

ALCIBIADES.

Say, have you not repented ?

SOCRATES.

Not a jot. I find delight in managing
Xantippe, just for the same reason, as

You, Alcibiades, prefer to ride
That restive steed of yours ;—the more he shows
His metal—rears, curvets, and plunges with you,
The more you love him.

ALCIBIADES.

Have you tamed your shrew,
As you designed ?

SOCRATES.

Not quite,—but she's improving
Most rapidly ;—I'm not so often treated
To the housepail as I was, and curtain lectures
Are much less acid.

ALCIBIADES.

How did you conquer her ?

SOCRATES.

By dint of *laughing* at her nonsenses ;
That man who knows the when and how to laugh
At a froward woman, always conquers her ;
Never forget yourself, nor lose your temper
About her,—treat her as a trifling toy
While she is one, and she will soon respect you ;
And in respecting you, respect herself,
And thus become respectable.

ALCIBIADES.

I think

Manly good nature, mixed with manly firmness,
Wins in the end ; but if you get in a *pet* with them,
They call you *petty*—have the laugh on their side,—
Despise you,—ridicule you, just because
You are indeed ridiculous.

SOCRATES.

Sweet friends,

Bear this in mind, and marry who you will
You may be happy ! 'Tis the way I've treated
Xantippe ; I am very kind to her virtues,
And rather blind to her faults ; believe me, ladies,
She can appreciate generosity,—
Each day her better nature, which is *love*,
Scatters the clouds of silly little jealousies :
See,—even now, the smile and tear combine
In her large eyes ;—You love me, don't you, Tippet ?
Come, show them all what a dear coaxing wife
You can be, when you like to be !

XANTIPPE (*throwing her arms round his neck*).

Heaven bless him,
His kindness always conquers my resentment.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Garden of Academus.*

Enter CHÆREPHON, ALCIBIADES, PHÆDON, PLATO *and* XENOPHON.

ALCIBIADES.

Where hast thou been, dear Chærephon? we've missed
Your eloquent little tattle, many a day;
Where played you truant?

CHÆREPHON.

Where you seldom go,
You philosophical geniuses:—I've been
To consult the Delphian Oracle.

ALCIBIADES.

And what,
In the name of the miraculous, has made
Our Chærephon a wizard hunter? If
I were but in a jesting humour now,
I'd tickle the story into such a farce,
That all the frogs of Aristophanes
Should split their croaking sides, and die of envy
To be outdone in their own way.

XENOPHON.

Don't laugh,
You elegant wag of the world; if you've a fault,
'Tis want of due solemnity; believe me,
Oracles are no joking matters: nine
Times out of ten, they answer marvellous truly.

ALCIBIADES.

If they are well paid for it.

PLATO.

Fy, fy, you scorner!
Our cousin Xenophon speaks most happily
Of the good old Oracles, and they deserve it;
I'll not pretend to tell you how or why,—
By inspiration—or by chance-work; but
The Delphian rarely blunders. Well, my Chærephon,
What was your quære?

CHÆREPHON.

Oh, the inquisitiveness
Of these same sages!—that's a leading question,
As lawyers call it;—so at one fell swoop,
You'd tear the very heart of my mystery out;
However, as you are friends and gentlemen,
I'll answer frankly:—I did ask the Oracle,
Who was the wisest man?

ALCIBIADES.

What the response?

CHÆREPHON.

Socrates.

ALCIBIADES.

By Jove, 'twas a good hit? I never heard
 The Oracle speak more shrewdly to the point;
 Well done, white prophetess! Your sentence strikes
 The instinct of my conscience, as the light
 Of heaven my eye: my very heart re-echoes
 The verdict.

PHÆDON.

Bravissimo! Alcibiades,

The oracle must be true, indeed, since thou,
 The all-suspicious—the all-secular one
 Swarest it genuine. Well, I'm glad of this;
 'Twill much enlarge the just fame of our master
 Among the sceptical, incredulous knaves
 Of Athens. And the rich grandees will now
 Think that there must be *something* in this Socrates,
 When Oracles themselves grow panegyrical
 Of him they slighted so. And, by the by,
 Since charity begins at home, I'll mention
We shall not want our due share of the *kudos* ;—
 For we derive a light from Socrates,
 Like planets from the sun, borrowing the glories
 Of the reflected brightness they glint back
 Eternally.

XENOPHON.

And did you tell our master

This news?

CHÆREPHON.

O yes; I ran with throbbing heart
 And kindling lips to tell him.

ALCIBIADES.

How did Socrates

Receive the intelligence?

CHÆREPHON.

Why, first he smiled,
 And then the tears started into his eyes;
 But he said nothing.

PHÆDON.

There is more of meaning
 In the silence of our Socrates than in
 The shout of a million.

ALCIBIADES.

Well, I love him for it;
 Merit and modesty are mottoed livingly
 In his whole singular nature. I love him more
 Than I could think it possible for me
 To love aught but myself. I think our Socrates
 A something better than a mere philosopher.

He is a *man*,—a man of men,—a man—
 Not only in the school but in the court,
 The mart of commerce, and the hall of pleasure—
 A man all over—every inch a man.
 When the grim plague with blistering curses traversed
 The streets of Athens, and its hellish fingers
 Dotted the fair skins of the shuddering citizens
 With death-spots, Socrates walked cheerily
 Betwixt the living and the dead, as if
 Himself a god invulnerable, immortal,
 Like Him he ever worships.

XENOPHON.

So he did ;
 And in the field of battle, who, like Socrates,
 Acted the hero—even to the Homeric pitch
 Of gallant daring and enduring ? He
 Personified the Odyssey and Iliad
 In his romantic and transcendent excellence ;
 By night alone reclining on some crag
 Of the rocky mountain, poring on the stars,
 And invoking their empyreal genii
 Into his heart, as silently they rained
 Their love-beams from the azure : And by day
 Reeking with bloody sweat of enterprise,
 And smiling in the agonies of toil
 All conquering : Ay, the common soldiers caught
 The electric fire of courage from his eye,
 And dashed exultingly through the bristling phalanx
 Of the enemy, as if celestial Mars
 Cheered them to the carnage. And when they expired,
 'Twas with the laugh of triumph on their lips
 Death sealed, but could not quench.

ALCIBIADES.

There's a speech for you !

By the great gods ! my Xenophon, my ear
 Tingles to hear thee.—How wouldst thou report him,
 If thou, as I, had seen him when the crash
 Of armies rattled to the clouds ? To him
 I owe my life. Ay, to the resolute daring
 Of Socrates will Alcibiades
 Record unfading gratitude. He saved me
 At the very crisis of my destiny.
 On the red battle plain of Potidæa
 I lay covered with wounds, (witness these scars,)
 Life was a dream within me, and weird death
 A coming certainty, palpably real ;
 Socrates saw me—like Jove's thunderbolt
 He burst the opposing squadrons, rescued me
 From the very *focus* of peril ;—bore me off
 On his broad shoulders like a helpless child,

And in his tent nursed me till I regained
 The exhausted nerve of heroism. Ye powers
 That rule the destinies of war, but grant me
 Another battle-field with Socrates
 By my side—and with my heart's blood will I pay
 The courtesy back. If he shall need my aid
 I'd save him, though the very Titans heaped
 Mountains to crush me.

XENOPHON.

And so would I,
 And so would all who know our Socrates;
 You, Alcibiades, stand not alone
 On the indelible page of gratitude.
 And if my mind is not quite destitute
 Of the presaging gift, methinks, before
 Old time is a year older, we shall be
 In the battle-field again with Socrates.
 Those rascally Bœotians—of all men
 The most unphilosophical—never leave
 Our wits of Athens long without a taste
 Of their physical prowess. And to speak it fairly,
 With this same bull-dog hardihood Bœotia
 Is richly stored. It is her patrimony,
 And still she hands it down from sire to son
 With her gross fogs. But I've no time to spare
 From a pleasant task. Euripides demands us
 To hear his last new tragedy: Let's criticise it.

SCENE II.

SOCRATES (*alone*).

So, then, the Oracle has just pronounced me
 The very wisest of the men of Greece.
 Alas, dear Oracle! if thou art right,
 In this thy flattering sentence—if it be true,
 That I, poor, simple, erring, Socrates,
 Excel all men in wisdom—then all men
 Must be profounder fools than ever I
 Did take them for. Oh Athens, Greece of Greece!
 If Greece, even in her most philosophic days,
 In all her shores could count no more than seven
 Wise men, why then, the multitude of fools
 Must be infinite indeed. My heart is glad
 To find that there's one oracle at least
 That has discovered, wisdom's mystery
 Lies in humility,—that the height of knowledge
 Is to feel conscious ignorance—to know
 How little can be known—to know that we
 Know nothing as we ought—to know there is
 In God a knowledge divine and universal,

Whose scattered fragments striving mortals catch.
 Oh how capriciously—how partially!—
 My heart is glad, and yet 'tis melancholy!
 I see that this same Oracle will rouse
 Even bitterer enmity and jealousy
 Among my many foes. Wherefore my foes,
 I scarcely can imagine. I have laboured
 To speak them kindly, and to do them good,
 And yet they cannot, will not understand me.
 The more benevolence I feel—the more
 Beneficence I work, the more the spleen
 Of their ill-boding sophistry boils over.
 'Tis the old spite of vice and folly leagued
 'Gainst philosophic virtue. Let it rage!—
 It ever has been so—ere Socrates
 Inhaled this Attic air—and will be so
 When Socrates is dead.—*Socrates dead!*—
 Ah—that word echoed strangely: it did seem
 Reverberated by a spirit round me:
 Is it not one of the innumerable
 Monitions of my guardian genius?—I
 Will deem it so. With bright ethereal wings
 It circles me both when I wake and sleep,
 And when it speaks, silence itself becomes
 Resonant to its conscience-thrilling voice,
 And my hushed listening instinct starts to hear.
Socrates dead!—Ah, my prophetic soul!
 This is no dream:—Already am I shrouded
 In the shadows of what will be. But what then?
 Shall Socrates prove craven to his fate?—
 No, by the immortal gods! what must be, must;
 'Tis naught to me; my future course is clear
 Before me as the past: I will urge on
 My glorious destiny, through peace and war,
 Amid life's stirring scenes, with as much energy
 As if my death were as impossible
 As it is certain: I will play my part
 Well as I can, and let the gods play theirs—
 So be it—I am Socrates again!
 Vigour, like lightning, flashes through my nerves
 And fires my worn and broken heart. I'll be
 True to myself; and while I live, I'll live,
 In spite of my foes; and when I die, I'll die
 A death worth dying. Let them do their worst;
 Meantime I give my soul to search for truth,
 Concerning God and immortality,
 Among the Eleusinians: 'Tis as well
 To be initiated before my death,
 Come when it will. I'll see with my own eyes
 The initiative mysteries; I shall learn
 Some useful lessons; for all things to me

Teem with instruction ; and as little question,
 I shall perceive as much of sophistry
 And sensuous passion, veiled in holy forms,
 As in the outward world. Here comes the priest
 Of these same rites : I'll treat him warily ;
 They are sly fellows all.

HIEROPHANT (*entering*).

Did Socrates
 Send for the Eleusinian hierophant ?

SOCRATES.

I did, grave senior : I, whose sum of life
 Is nothing better than the search of truth
 Makes it, would fain be a new candidate
 Of your initiations, and become
 Familiar with the mysteries esoteric
 And exoteric—both the major and minor.

HIEROPHANT.

And never was the Eleusinian lodge
 Of Athens honoured more than when the wisest
 Of all the Grecians seeks an entrance there.

SOCRATES.

Nay, nay, no flattering compliments ; they neither
 Become the giver nor the taker.

HIEROPHANT.

Well,
 When will you pass the three solemnities
 And the seven spheres of sacred doctrine which
 Our learned theosophists make necessary
 To all whose courage penetrates the shades
 Of immemorial mythology ?

SOCRATES.

Now.

SCENE III.

A dark Cavern of Initiation near Athens.

Enter Two PRIESTS.

FIRST PRIEST.

Prepare the secret rites ! Such was the order
 The hierophant hath left us ; he will bring
 Socrates back with him.

SECOND PRIEST.

I doubt it much ;
 The wisest man is certainly too wise
 To need to ask instruction from the lodge.

FIRST PRIEST.

But as his wisdom lies in proving all things,
 Be sure he will prove us ; he will not fail

To visit us, if he believes that we
Have but a single particle of light
Which he has not.

SECOND PRIEST.

Then let our light be his ;
'Twill much surprise this most oracular sage,
When, from the blackness of this mystic cave,
The All-seeing Eye looks flashing forth, and all
The white-robed gods nod their tiara'd heads
To welcome him.

FIRST PRIEST.

Softly, I hear their steps.

SECOND PRIEST.

(Three knocks being heard.)

I know that signal. Enter, in the name
Of all the gods, and may their liberty
Be yours—such as befit not the profane.

Enter HIEROPHANT and SOCRATES.

HIEROPHANT.

Darkness is round thee.

SOCRATES.

That I do discern,

And nothing else.

HIEROPHANT.

Then art thou well prepared
To learn, for all true knowledge doth emerge
From the profound abyss of conscious ignorance,
Even as the sun from the ocean.

SOCRATES.

Thus, my soul,

Wouldst thou likewise ascend and never set
But to enlighten other spheres of being?
Oh! thou whose oracle o'erwhelmed my heart
By its most dazzling enlogy! like thee
I wish to live—like thee to die. I ask
But this—no more.

HIEROPHANT.

Thy prayer is heard and granted ;

But what dost thou require ?

SOCRATES.

Even now,

From this most Stygian depth of the weird darkness,
To see the light.

HIEROPHANT.

First, thou must take the oath
Of strictest secrecy, that thou wilt never
Reveal our occult rites to the profane
Inquisitive cowans of the vulgar world,
On pain of death.

SOCRATES.

Hear me, thou Highest, and all
Ye filial gods! I swear to keep this vow
Of secrecy, according to my conscience,
And ne'er to break it while my conscience tells me
It ought not to be broken.

HIEROPHANT.

Socrates,
Thy phrase of adjuration is peculiar.
According to thy *conscience*! Canst thou not
Omit the word—it seems to puzzle me.

SOCRATES.

No; I repeat it—'tis alone on this
Condition of free conscience that I take
Your vows upon me. I'll not lay a fetter
On my frank spirit that I may not break,
If he the o'ermastering genius of my life
So bids me.

HIEROPHANT.

Well, I will trust thy honesty;
And for thy prayer, be it as thou desirest.
Let the light shine, and chaos disappear.

*(The Allseeing Eye suddenly blazes forth at the extremity
of the cavern, and the forms of gods and goddesses, with
golden crowns, are seen round the walls, glittering in a
flood of light.)*

SOCRATES (*kneeling*).

Hail, holiest emblem of the holiest essence!
Before that All-beholding Eye of fire
I kneel, even as a child before a father—
Thou light of light! My vehement spirit inhales
Thy lustre and unquenchable glory, like
The ambrosial draught of immortality!
O! that my veriest life could lose itself
In thine, and by voluptuous absorption cease
From its own littleness! Tell me, thou priest,
How doth thy lodge interpret?—for my heart
Is gasping for intelligence.

HIEROPHANT.

Then, listen

To what I shall unfold. The All-seeing Eye
Is our initiate sign of the prime God—
The ineffable and unrevealable One.
Himself divine, his bright theophanies
Are divine also. All the deities
Of the scattered nations are developements
Of this sole One and All. They are no more
Than his theophanies—his emanations
Made manifest in every sphere of nature;
Such is our doctrine of divine unity,
And divine multitude.

SOCRATES.

Arch hierophant,
 I thank thee for that utterance; 'tis the echo
 Of my foregone conclusion, inly cherished
 For many a year in silence and in worship:
 But if there be One God and God is One,
 And 'all the gods but his theophanies,—
 Divine developements, as thou dost call them,—
 Why not instruct the people in this creed?

HIEROPHANT.

We dare not do it; we do fear the grovelling
 Coarse passions of the many—of the million:
 They are materialists, both born and bred;
 They cannot bear the spiritual, the abstract,
 The metaphysical, the transcendental;
 It blinds them—makes them sick at heart, and quite
 Ashamed of their own arrogance. They love
 All sensuous, tangible manifestations
 Of Deity—sculptured statues, gorgeous pictures,
 And all the fopperies of idolatry:
 They like the gods that they can touch and handle,
 And kiss and hug, and buy and sell again,
 And turn an honest penny on their bargain.

SOCRATES.

Henceforth will I adventure to correct
 This gross confusion; I will show the people
 That the theogonies of Orpheus, Hesiod,
 And all the wild mythology of Homer,
 Are but the symbols of an elder creed,
 Purer and fairer—I will show them that—

HIEROPHANT.

Peace, vain enthusiast! thou hast enemies
 Already by thy truth-searching. The truth
 Is not to be forthspoken to the mob,
 Unless you wish to die for it.

SOCRATES.

I say

It is: I say, *truth is to be forthspoken*
Even to the mob; and if I die for it,
 Why die I must: but while I live, I will
 Shame the abuses of idolatry,
 At my worst peril.

HIEROPHANT.

Thou hast too well learnt

The lesson of the first initiation;
 I will reveal the sign thereto belonging:
 Mark me—and lay thy hand upon thy forehead
 As I do—thus—the initiates will know thee.

SOCRATES (*imitating the sign*).

Then lead me onward to the second stage;
For I have set my life upon the die,
And will see all—know all;—the Oracle
Shall not prove false—at least if I can help it.

SCENE IV.

A second interior Cavern, likewise dark.

(*A chorus of PRIESTS and VIRGINS.*)

PRIESTS.

Prepare, prepare, prepare,
The rites of our mystic band;
The fairest of the fair,
The grandest of the grand.

VIRGINS.

Prepare, prepare, prepare,
For Socrates the wise
In the mysteries must share,
Ere he ascends the skies.

PRIESTS.

Prepare, prepare, prepare,
Jupiter, let us see
Thy glittering form, and wear
Thy gorgeous radiancy.

VIRGINS.

Prepare, prepare, prepare,
With the Goddess of the light;
Let the Graces and Muses bear,
The honours of the night.

Enter the HIEROPHANT and SOCRATES.

HIEROPHANT.

Enter the second adytum, and mark
The second mystery.

[*A sudden burst of light here takes place, and JUPITER and JUNO are discovered surrounded by beautiful nymphs representing the three Graces and the nine Muses.*]

SOCRATES.

My eyes are dazzled
With the pomp of the symbols : how divine must be
That which they represent !—but give me, priest,
Thy key to the enigmas ; say what lessons
Of high theosophy am I to learn
From this bright chorus ?

HIEROPHANT.

Esoteric doctrines,
Which sage Pythagoras fetched from the climes
Of Syria and Chaldea.

SOCRATES.

Say what doctrines?

HIEROPHANT.

Pythagoras, in his imperial lodge,
 Taught us the doctrine of a God of Gods,
 A middle mediatorial Deity,
 The first theophany of the Eternal
 That lives beyond all semblance. Him it is
 Whom men invoke, as Jupiter the son
 Of Saturn, under many names and titles—
 Phœbus, Apollo, Dionysius,
 Mercury, Mars, and all the great Cabiri,
 All are developements, all emanations
 Of the mysterious God-Son, whom to know
 Is worth all knowledge.

SOCRATES.

There do I behold

His sovereign image with a radiant diadem
 On his princely brow. But who is she that walks
 In a most feminine and delicate loveliness
 By his side?

HIEROPHANT.

His sister wife, the plastic spirit
 Of Nature, that born from him hath become
 The bearer of all beings, the Great Mother
 Of this elaborated universe
 And all its infinite stars. By mortal men
 Is she invoked by many names that tell
 Her attributes and manifestations;
 She is at once Juno, Ceres, Diana,
 Warm Venus, blushing from the foamy wave,
 Hecate, Proserpina.

SOCRATES.

How radiantly

She smiles upon the Son-God!—Yet, methinks,
 A something terrible lurks in the lid.
 Of her bright eye, as if the mysteries
 Called Birth and Death were twin-born in her glance
 Of fire and darkness.

HIEROPHANT.

Even so there are;

You shrewd philosophers anticipate
 Our secrets marvellously well.

SOCRATES.

But tell me

What symbolize the Graces and the Muses.

HIEROPHANT.

The Graces symbolize the three relations
 Of the eternal scale—past, present, future;

And on their sacred symmetry depends
All fair proportion, metaphysical,
And physical—all glory and all beauty.

SOCRATES.

And for the Muses nine?

HIEROPHANT.

They are the spirits
Of the nine spheres of mind and matter; they,
In their unseen subsistence, do pervade
All things harmonical. From the great planets
To the fine chords of a lyre, they regulate
The music of the spheres.—See, even now,
They form the choral planetary dance,
Known to the initiates only.

SOCRATES.

I remember

The mystics of Pythagoras were all
Enchanted by it.

HIEROPHANT.

Thou, too, shalt behold it.

SOCRATES.

I'll mark it well: it is the dance of dances.

HIEROPHANT.

Ere they begin, I will confer the sign
Of this the second mystery. Draw thy hand
Across thy throat as I do.

SOCRATES (*taking the sign*).

'Tis a sign

Of ominous import:—but no more of that—

On with the dance; I'll mark their stations well.

[*The impersonators of JUPITER and JUNO stand in the centre, with arms intertwined. The GRACES form the inner circle and the MUSES the outer. These concentric circles then commence their evolutions: those near the centre moving faster, and those farther slower, in imitation of the planets, &c.*]

SCENE V.

Another Cavern, likewise dark.

(*Chorus of PRIESTS and VIRGINS.*)

PRIESTS.

Darkness and mystery, like a spell,
Spread their witcheries here;
Yet is this most hallowed cell
To the initiate brethren dear,
Too dear to tell.

VIRGINS.

Soon a pure and sparkling light
 Shall rise upon the gloom,
 And all these shadows become bright,
 As young Aurora's living bloom,
 Scattering the night.

PRIESTS.

Thou devoted God of Love!
 Cupid, the divine!
 Be our guardian till above
 In thy blissful sphere we shine,
 Amid the Elysian grove.

VIRGINS.

Thou, the emblem of the soul!
 Let our spirits be
 Like thine, and bear the sweet control
 Of conquering love till we be free,
 And win the immortal goal.

Enter HIEROPHANT *and* SOCRATES.

HIEROPHANT.

Into the third and last initiation
 Thy venturous footstep passes. It begins
 In shadows, like the rest. But light will dawn
 Upon its darkness, and thou shalt behold
 The mystery of Olympian love, which binds
 All living beings to the Deity.
 That golden chain which sparkled in the dreams
 Of Homer shalt thou see. I will unbind
 The black symbolic bandage from thy eyes.

(While he withdraws the bandage, a splendid light is diffused over the cavern—CUPID and PSYCHE are beheld in a flowery garden.)

SOCRATES.

Oh, beautiful vision! on my unveiled eyes
 Thou openest like the trance of Orpheus,
 The bright unstained religiousness of poetry
 Made visible.

HIEROPHANT.

To the initiates,
 This Cupid is another emblem of
 The Apollo thou hast seen, and the Adonis
 Of the Syrian orgies. Old theosophists
 Hail him as the celestial Soul-lover,
 Who in his love lays down his life, to raise
 His Psyche from the tomb. List, you will learn
 Their story from themselves.

Socrates.

CUPID.

Weep not, my Psyche;
'Twas for thy sake I left the Olympian palace,
That in thy pure affection I might find
Richer delight; and never will I leave thee,
Till thou too, like thy lover, art divine.

PSYCHE.

Ay, 'tis for that Divinity I weep:
I cannot be quite happy till made one
With thee; thy immortality is mine
Inseparably blended. I would know
All things; my knowledge of all good and evil
Would be great as thy own—until——

(She shrieks and falls.)

CUPID.

Alas!

That word, my Psyche, is thy last. The serpent
Which lurks amid the flowers, hath fixed his fangs
In thy fair foot, and thou art blighted. But
I know the prophecy of eldest fate—
Cupid will die that his lost Psyche may
Live yet again. Serpent, I crush thee thus;
Let thy sharp venom do its worst upon me.

(He falls.)

Chorus of PRIESTS and VIRGINS.

Cupid dies for love of thee—
For thy sake, sweet Psyche, bears
That dark curse, mortality,
All its anguish, all its cares.
Like Adonis, he shall rise
Brighter, for the eclipse of light,
Wafting Psyche to the skies,
Triumphant from the fatal fight.

CUPID *(reviving)*.

I've won the last achievement of pure love—
My life revives in double intensity,
And in its ecstasy, my drooping Psyche,
Thou shalt exultingly take part. I touch
Thy lips with the blest nectar and ambrosia
Of the gods. Awake, my fairest!

PSYCHE.

Ah, my spouse,—

My own celestial one!—Where am I?—where?
What change has passed upon me? I awake
From a wild dream of immortality;
And, by a secret instinct in my heart,
My immortality is not a dream—
'Tis real—real—inextinguishable—

I feel it as thy own—it comes from thee—
It is thyself within me—soul of my soul,
Life of my life—O take me to thy heart,
Never again to sever!

CUPID.

Never more—

In the fiery chariot of the spirit-world,
Thus with my ransomed bride I soar to heaven
For ever and ever.

(A golden chariot descends, into which they enter.)

PSYCHE *(rising)*.

Ecstasy! ecstasy!

HIEROPHANT.

Thus the invincible God of Love, the arch
Philanthropist, the Saviour of lapsed souls,
Traverses the Titanic universe—
The four great spheres—the mystical *tetractys*
Of Pythagoric fiction, and the twelve
Circumferential degrees of being,
On all sides rescues he the populous tribes
Of lapsed intelligences, fallen genii
And exiled demons, till he hath restored
The family of God to purest glory.

SOCRATES.

What is thy sign of the third mystery?

HIEROPHANT.

Over thy heart with both thy hands describe
The figure of a Cross—even thus.

SOCRATES.

"Tis well:

I do embrace the augury—on my knees
Do I profess my reverence for the emblem;
It symbolizes all that I would know;—
Such the bright dream of that philosophy
I live and die to teach. Priest! I would thank thee
For these resplendent fictions of mythology:
I will not in ingratitude betray thee,
Or wilfully reveal the mysteries
To ears profane. But yet, so much as I
May mingle their high science with the learning
Of the schools, will I seek to spread their solemn verities,
Even till the mobbing populace shall catch
A sparkle of their radiance, and, upon
The grave of Socrates, weep to remember
Sweet lessons, for whose sake they murdered him.

COGITATIONS OF A CONTEMPLATIST.

No. III.

"When they present no other treasure,
Shall I admire them for their measure?"—ANON.

PEOPLE have now a somewhat different idea of poetry from what they had erewhile. The reign of the word-weigher and adjuster of cadences is at an end. More essential excellencies are recognized and required; and vigour of sense is considered of greater consequence than smoothness of sound. Hence I may perhaps venture, without incurring the imputation of ill-taste or paradoxical affectation, to recommend the merits of two old poets, who, although once esteemed, have lately, by the vagaries of fashion, been doomed to oblivion. However much the superficial may be pleased with the elegant feebleness and polished inanity of Brady and Tate, I dare to affirm that, in all which constitutes true poetry, their "New Version of the Psalms" sinks into utter insignificance when compared with the ruder one of their predecessors.

How Kirke White could have pronounced Brady and Tate's version entitled to "an indubitable right to pre-eminence," I am at a loss to discover. The tricks and glittering ornaments of modern poetical diction are substituted by them for the unadorned grandeur of the original; while their attempts at the sublime sometimes degenerate into the absurdest fustian. No one can deny that their language possesses a certain gracefulness; but it is a gracefulness which smacks more of a London Poetaster than of Holy Writ. They continually sacrifice energy, to make room for a paltry antithesis or pretty expression, and admit interpolations which, from their total dissimilarity to anything in the inspired writers, are alike offensive to piety and good taste.

Sternhold and Hopkins' version, although written in an obsolete style, is full of the true spirit of poetry, and frequently emulates the simple majesty of David. If we are to condemn these writers for the occasional uncouthness of their metre, which one of our elder poets is to escape the same censure? The sublimity which Sternhold and Hopkins have in the following verses attained is universally allowed:—

"The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the Heavens high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad."

This passage, Kirke White adduces as "a brilliant, yet probably accidental exception to the general character of the work;" but had he carefully compared the psalm in which it occurs, he would have

paused before he pronounced its excellence to be the effect of chance. Take the lines by which it is immediately preceded :—

“The earth shook and trembled; the foundations of the earth moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it.”—*Psalm xvii.* 7, 8.

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

“Such is his power that in his wrath
He made the earth to quake,
Yea, the foundation of the mount
Of Basan for to shake;
And from his nostrils went a smoke,
When kindled was his ire;
And from his mouth went burning coals
Of hot consuming fire.”

BRADY AND TATE.

“When God arose, *my part to take*,
The conscious earth was *struck with fear*;
The hills did at his presence shake,
Nor could his dreadful fury bear.
Thick clouds of smoke dispersed abroad
Ensigns of wrath before him came;
Devouring fire around him glowed,
That coals were kindled at the flame.”

With all their antique phraseology, the verses of Sternhold and Hopkins are vigorous; but who can endure the tinselled impotence of Brady and Tate's attempt? The expression “*my part to take*” is insufferably mean; and the idea of the “conscious” earth being “*struck with fear*” is certainly no improvement of the original. Thick clouds of smoke dispersing abroad and becoming ensigns of wrath, attended by a devouring fire that glowed around, form but a poor equivalent for the majestic imagery of the Psalmist: “There went a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured.” I have little doubt that the reader will concur with me in condemning Brady and Tate, even if he does not approve Sternhold and Hopkins.

In the nineteenth Psalm, the sun is thus likened to a bridegroom and a warrior: “In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”—*v.* 4, 5, 6.

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

“In them the Lord made for the sun
A place of great renown;
Who like a bridegroom ready trimmed
Comes from his chamber down;
And as a valiant champion
Who would to honour rise,
With joy doth haste to take in hand
His noble enterprize;

Cogitations of a Contemplatist.

And all the sky from end to end
 He compasseth about;
 Nothing can hide it from his heat,
 But he will find it out."

BRADY AND TATE.

"No bridegroom on his *nuptial day*
 Has such a *cheerful face*;
 No giant doth like him rejoice
 To run his glorious race.
 From east to west, from west to east,
 His *restless course* he goes,
 And, through his progress, *cheerful heat*
 And *vital warmth bestows*."

There are few, I believe, who would not prefer the simplicity of the first to the gaudiness of the second of these examples; and where shall we find a more pitiful debasement of poetry into common-place than the two last lines of Brady and Tate's rendering exhibit? We perceive something noble in the idea that nothing can effectually obstruct the influence of the sun; but the mere assertion that he bestows "*cheerful HEAT and vital WARMTH*" is so trite, so unnecessary, and so tautological, that we must declare it below contempt.

Let us take a few more instances of Brady and Tate's lack of fidelity. In Psalm lxxxix. we find the following eloquent complaint of the reverses with which David was afflicted: "Thou hast cast off and abhorred, thou hast been wroth with thine anointed. Thou hast made void the covenant of thy servant; thou hast profaned his crown by casting it on the ground. Thou hast broken down all his hedges: thou hast brought his strongholds to ruin. All that pass by the way spoil him: he is a reproach to his neighbours. Thou hast set up the right hand of his adversaries; thou hast made all his enemies to rejoice. Thou hast also turned the edge of his sword, and hast not made him to stand in the battle. Thou hast made his glory to cease, and cast his throne down to the ground. The days of his youth hast thou shortened: thou hast covered him with shame. How long, Lord? wilt thou hide thyself for ever? shall thy wrath burn like fire? Remember how short my time is: wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?—v. 38—47.

BRADY AND TATE.

"Thou seemest to have rendered void
 The cov'nant with thy servant made;
 Thou hast his *dignity destroyed*,
 And in the dust his *honour laid*.
 Of strongholds thou hast him bereft,
 And brought his bulwarks to decay;
 His *frontier coast* defenceless left
 A public scorn and common prey.
 His ruin does glad tidings yield
 To foes advanced by thee to might:
 Thou hast his *conqu'ring sword unsteeled*;
 His valour turned to *shameful flight*."

His glory has to darkness fled,
 His throne is levelled with the ground;
 His youth to wretched bondage led;
 With shame o'erwhelmed, and sorrow drowned.
 How long shall we thy absence mourn?
 Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
 Shall thy consuming anger burn
 Till that and we at once expire?
 Consider, Lord, how short a space
 Thou dost for mortal life ordain:
 No method to prolong the race,
 But loading it with grief and pain!"

The above verses are sufficiently ornate; but a little examination will suffice to show how completely the true spirit of the Psalmist has been suffered to evaporate. The very first line is an unnecessary weakening of the original sentiment. Instead of the energetic exclamation, "Thou hast profaned his crown by casting it on the ground," the sacred poet's versifiers make him dolorously complain of *dignity destroyed* and *honour laid in the dust*. "Thou hast broken all his hedges," is plainness too insipid for Brady and Tate, so they substitute a lamentation of the defencelessness of "*his frontier coasts*;" while the simple words, "Thou hast brought his strongholds to ruin," are wire-drawn into two whole lines:

"Of strongholds thou hast him bereft
 And brought his bulwarks to decay;"

Although, if David had been bereft of his strongholds, he need not have troubled himself about the repair of his bulwarks. Glory flying to darkness for extinction, is not a very sensible image, since such a procedure, so far from making the glory "cease," would but heighten its splendour: nor is there much similarity between *the days of youth* being *shortened*, and leading youngsters into "wretched bondage." The meaning of the Psalmist is simply, that David, afflicted with premature care, had early lost the gaiety of youth. "Shall thy wrath burn like fire?" is a question appropriate both to the speaker and the Deity to whom it is addressed, and conveys a lively idea of the irresistible and dreadful nature of the anger deprecated; but Brady and Tate cannot be content without adding a pretty turn, wholly unlike the sternness of the sacred writings:—

"Shall thy consuming anger burn,
 Till that and we at once expire?"

Still more epigrammatic are the lines which usurp the place of the question, "Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?"—

"No method to prolong the race
 But loading it with grief and pain?"

Sternhold and Hopkins, who ever keep to the obvious signification, render the passage with more fidelity, if less elegance:—

"Why hast thou made the sons of men
 As things in vain to waste?"

Than these points, nothing can be more disagreeable, when so ut-

terly unjustified by the text. Brady and Tate are continually perpetrating them, in a manner which often completely destroys the identity of the Hebrew bard. Just casting my eye down one of their pages, I found the subjoined specimen of modern trifling foisted upon David : "Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish."—*Psalm* xlix. 20.

BRADY AND TATE.

"For man, how great soe'er his state,
Unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual beast he lives
So like a beast he dies."

Again : "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness."—*Psalm* lxxxviii. 18.

BRADY AND TATE.

"My lovers, friends, familiars, all
Removed from sight, and out of call;
To dark oblivion all retired,
Dead, or to me at least expired."

Interpolations cannot be avoided ; but they should always be consonant with the style of the Psalmist. The interpolations of Brady and Tate, however, are generally tawdry embellishments.

"Who will bring me into the strong city? who will lead me into Edom?"—*Psalm* lx. 9. This passage neither of the versions under consideration could render without circumlocution. Sternhold and Hopkins have it thus :—

"But who will bring me at this tide
Unto the city strong?
Or who to Edom will me guide
So that I go not wrong?"

The last line of the above quotation falls into its place so naturally, that we can scarcely call it an interpolation. But Brady and Tate are more ambitious, and accordingly dash in some pompous common-places.

"But who shall quell these mighty powers;
And clear my way to Edom's towers;
Or through her guarded frontier tread
The path that doth to conquest lead?"

I shall but draw two more parallels between the ancient and modern versions, and then have done with my citations : "Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice : have mercy also upon me and answer me. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face ; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."—*Psalm* xxvii. 7, 8.

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

"Lord, hear the voice of my request,
For which to thee I cry;
Have mercy, Lord, on me oppress,
And help me speedily.

My heart confesseth unto thee,
I sue to have thy grace;
Then seek my face, saidst thou to me;
Lord, I will seek thy face!"

BRADY AND TATE.

"Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy my complaints receive,
Nor my request deny.
When *us* to seek thy *glorious* face
Thou kindly dost advise;
'Thy *glorious* face I'll always seek,'
My *grateful* heart replies."

It is almost superfluous to remark, how the simple grandeur of the Psalmist has been contaminated by Brady and Tate.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early."—*Psalm* xli. 1—5.

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

"The Lord is our defence and aid-
The strength whereby we stand;
When we with woe are much dismayed,
He is our help at hand.
Tho' earth do move, we will not fear,
Tho' mountains high and steep
Be thrust and hurled here and there
Within the sea so deep;
No, though the sea do rage so sore
That all the banks it spills,
And though it overflow the shore,
And beat down mighty hills:
For one fair flood doth send abroad
His pleasant streams apace,
To glad the city of our God,
And wash his Holy Place.
In midst of her the Lord doth dwell,
She never can decay;
All that against her dare rebel,
The Lord will surely slay."

BRADY AND TATE.

"God is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide;
Tho' earth were from *her centre* tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.



Cogitations of a Contemplatist.

A gentler stream with gladness still
 The city of our Lord shall fill,
 The royal state of God most high ;
 God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
 Mock the assaults of earthly powers,
 While his almighty aid is nigh."

Here we perceive that a portion of the Psalmist's finest imagery—" Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof," is slurred over by Brady and Tate with scarcely an apology for an equivalent, although evidently required for connexion and completeness.

Our poetic diction has been much refined since the time of Sternhold and Hopkins; and hence their version, although a very commendable one for the period which produced it, is, by the roughness of its versification, unfitted for general use. Brady and Tate's, however, is so continually substituting smoothness for nerve—is so gilded with the modern mosaic, profusely used by poetic pretenders instead of the gold which they cannot afford—that the sooner it is superseded the better. I am well aware that the occasional baldness of the language of the Psalms makes some amplification necessary when translating them into metre; but it is rarely requisite that all their isolated characteristics should be faithfully preserved. They should still appear the effusions of a distant age and peculiar people, and not the products of a pietistic rhymester somewhat given to bombast and hyperbole. I do not remember ever to have read a paraphrase of any of the Psalms which pleased me more than that of the 137th, which is usually attributed to Sir Philip Sidney. Steel inserted it in the *Guardian* as an evidence of the gallant soldier's piety; yet, independent of this consideration, its intrinsic beauty will recommend it to all who have taste to appreciate genuine poetry:—

" Nigh seated where the river flows,
 That wat'reth Babel's thankful plain,
 Which then our tears in pearled rows
 Did help to water with the rain:
 The thought of Sion bred such woes,
 That though our harps we did retain,
 Yet useless and untouched there,
 On willows only hanged they were.

Now while our harps were hanged so,
 The men whose captives then we lay,
 Did on our griefs insulting go,
 And more to grieve us thus did say:
 You that of music make such show,
 Come sing us now a Sion's lay:
 O, no! we have no voice nor hand
 For such a song in such a land.

Though far I be, sweet Sion's hill,
 In foreign soil exiled from thee,
 Yet let my hand forget its skill,
 If ever thou forgotten be;
 And let my tongue fast glued still
 Unto my roof, be mute in me,

If thy neglect within me spring,
Or ought I do, but Salem sing.
But thou, O Lord, shall not forget
To quit the pains of Edom's race,
Who causelessly, yet hotly, set
Thy holy city to deface;
Bid thus the bloody victors whet,
What time they entered first the place;
'Down, down with it at any hand,
Make all a waste, let nothing stand!'
And Babylon, that didst no waste,
Thyself shall one day wasted be:
And happy he, who what thou hast
Unto us done, shall do to thee;
Like bitterness shall make thee taste,
Like woeful objects make thee see:
Yea, happy who thy little Ones
Shall take and dash against the stones."

This paraphrase has never, to my knowledge, been printed in any collection of sacred poesy; although a much inferior version of the same Psalm is continually quoted. The reader can compare Sir Philip's manly lines with the spangled meanness of Brady and Tate; and if he does, so he will need no more cogent proof of the vast gulf that exists between the true poet and the poetical trickster.

Sternhold and Hopkins's version being confessedly antiquated, we cannot yet be said to possess a worthy metrical translation of the Psalms. Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns have obtained great popularity; but, however excellent in comparison with others, they are far from being good *per se*. Their chief fault is an unwarranted mutilation of the portions of Scripture they profess to copy. If I might be allowed to attack an author so universally respected, I should adduce his versification of one of the finest passages of Isaiah in support of my opinion: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat? I have trodden the wine press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come."—*Isaiah*, lxiii. 1—4.

DR. WATTS. (*Hymn 28.*)

"What mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate?
The glory of his robes proclaims
'Tis some victorious king:
'Tis I, the Just, the Almighty One,
That your salvation brings."

Autobiography of Fitzroy Pike.

Why, mighty Lord ! thy saints inquire,
 Why thy apparel red ?
 And all thy vesture stained like those
 Who in the wine press tread ?
 I by myself have trod the press,
 And crushed my foes alone ;
 My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
 My fury stamped them down.
 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
 With joyful scarlet stains ;
 The triumph that my raiment wears
 Sprung from their bleeding veins.
 Thus shall the nations be destroyed,
 That dare insult my saints ;
 I have an arm t'avenge their wrongs,
 An ear for their complaints."

It would be invidious to deny to this hymn a certain vigour ; but it emulates the grandeur of Isaiah in much the same proportion as the rumbling thunder of a theatre resembles the real thunder of the heavens ! The Doctor's omissions are not, in my mind, well judged ; for it is evident, that if a paraphrase of this sort is not faithful, it loses at once all its significance, and all its propriety. I admit that the sublimity of Isaiah is such that no poet can do justice to it, who does not equal the prophet in inspiration ; yet is not this the case with the whole of Holy Writ ? I am uncertain whether it would not be better for us to rest contented with the vulgate translation of the Bible, instead of subjecting the sacred writers to a process which can scarcely fail of adulterating the breathings of eternal truth with human folly and human imperfection.

ANTHONY LONGHEAD.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FITZROY PIKE.

CHAPTER IX.

The History of Eustace Weston.

THROUGH all the merry stages of my subsequent career, the memory of my old school-friend, Eustace Weston, had been most sacredly preserved. The mystery that surrounded him had often, in a reflective hour, afforded subject for conjecture ; and the recollection of his quiet and amiable disposition had rendered permanent in my mind the affectionate feelings with which I had been wont to regard him : the delight, therefore, which I now felt, when, for the first time encountering each other in the world, our hands were warmly clasped together, may, without difficulty, be imagined. Dear Eustace ! what would I not give to embrace thee now,—to call thee from the cold, untimely grave,—to see thee as I saw thee then, ere thy noble heart was broken !

With as much of his story, as I was at this period able to ascertain, the reader shall be made acquainted ; I myself derived it from various sources ; partly from Anne Atherley and her father, who were his

neighbours, partly from other friends, in part also from Eustace himself.

Father and mother he had never known: thrown by accident, while yet an infant, upon the bounty of strangers, he had met with a generous heart that warmed towards his suffering helplessness: he had been an adopted child, educated well, and loved; but that love he knew to be the love of strangers; and while he tenderly returned it, his soul was sad—he felt that he was an orphan. Those only who have never heard a father's voice, or seen a mother's smile, can understand the orphan's sorrow. With a heart in which every sweet affection flourished, Eustace yearned for the parent into whose bosom he might pour its treasures. Father—Mother—were names that caused his soul to writhe with the torture of desire, that called the tear-drops to his young eyes. Father—mother,—why were they denied to him? He could not look up at the bright stars, and think of heaven, and say, that from thence they looked down upon him;—he knew not that they were dead. Perchance on earth they were watching over him, moving around him, yet he knew them not.

Returning from college, and having taken orders, he was placed, by the aid of his early friend, in the vicarage of Ashbrook, a pretty village not far from old Atherley's cottage; and there almost his first duty was to consign the body of his benefactor to the dust. With a tremulous voice, he performed the solemn rite, and saw, with an aching heart, the earth heaped upon the coffin: on the margin of that grave he stood alone. But in the performance of his duty, his heart was opened; he made himself acquainted with each one of his parishioners—became to each the dearest friend. When in the pulpit, on a Sabbath day, he would tell them of the mercies of their God, old and young listened intently to the rich flow of his enthusiastic eloquence: he spoke, addressing those he loved—those that he knew loved him. The old grandmother, at the close of life, would delight to hear his words, and, gazing on his slender graceful form, declare that "Parson Weston was an angel from heaven; she feared he was too good to live:" and little children would clamber on his knee and kiss his pale cheek, and, marking the melancholy of his dark eye, ask why he was sad: then he would sigh, and teach them to love father and mother; to thank God that they were not orphans.

In his whole flock, Eustace had not one stray sheep; he knew how to lead every heart, and infused into the villagers a measure of his own deep feeling. Thus Ashbrook flourished; and thus Eustace lived.

When I now met with him, he was married, and had been so for more than a year. Isabel, the only daughter of Lord Varadaine, surrounded by a crowd of suitors, gloried in possession of the noble Weston's love; for him she braved a father's anger; for him, whose qualities her pure soul could so well appreciate, she left her home, and shackled wealth and honours; content—deserted by sunshine-loving friends, cast off by a sordid parent—to live a clergyman's wife in Ashbrook parsonage, joining with Eustace, for whom she had willingly lost so much, in all his little schemes of benevolence and charity. A glorious theme! Isabel Varadaine, a noble maiden in the pride of

beauty, having at her command wealth, friendship, flattery, all that the world offers to its favourites, cast them aside for the possession of one true heart—and Eustace Weston was not unworthy of the sacrifice.

I know not whether I shall ever excite in my reader's bosom an idea of the feeling that I myself have towards the memory of my unfortunate friend; for my own part, I cannot hear his name pronounced, without a swelling heart,—nay, so great is my admiration of his character, that I feel pride in being a man as Eustace was—in belonging to a race that he has adorned;—to have been called his *friend*, is honour prouder than all else earth can offer. This being the case, the pain I feel in tracing his fearful history may be conceived: I would have shunned the task; and yet a stronger feeling urges me to rescue from oblivion, to hold up to the admiration which in life it shunned, to make known for the glory of humanity, the character of a virtuous man. I cannot write of Eustace Weston in the cool and well judged language of a business biographer,—I cannot command my feelings or my thoughts when Eustace is my theme; if, therefore, my words be at times rambling or obscure, the cause is known, and pardon surely will not be denied.

Among the numerous suitors for the maiden hand of Isabel, was one Sir Robert Chervil, a rich landowner in the neighbourhood,—a man without feeling or principle, whose advances had been favoured by Lord Varadaine. His intended bride being lost, his every day was spent in the prosecution of a vindictive resentment against the wedded pair. Vile rumours were, at his instance, circulated through the village, to injure the character of the young vicar; but to shake the love and respect (I had almost said the devotion) with which Eustace Weston was universally regarded, he soon found to be a task far beyond his power. Thus foiled in his unmanly attempts, Sir Robert's hate grew stronger; he heaped on Eustace and his wife every petty annoyance or public insult that he could devise, and fumed with rage when he saw the calmness with which all these were borne. He thought Eustace wanted the spirit to resent, little understanding how far beneath the notice of a noble spirit was the anger of a mind like his.

Of the other candidates for the hand of Isabel, the heiress, all fluttered off save one. Henry Stanfield had loved her too well for his own happiness: he saw that the affections of Isabel rested upon Eustace, and, prompted by honourable principle, concealed his own emotion: when Isabel married, his voice was first,—ay and most sincere—in wishing her every happiness; then, partly that she might not be pained by an accidental discovery of his attachment, partly that he might seek to divert his own attention from it, with a mind bordering on distraction, he left the country for the purpose of foreign travel. Thus much concerning Henry Stanfield, which only became known towards the completion of the tragedy, for the sake of distinctness, has been related in this place.

Mutual congratulations having been exchanged, and mutual inquiries made at this our first meeting, I walked, at the invitation of Eustace, with him to Ashbrook Vicarage. The way lay for half a mile through green meadows, and the little spire of Weston's church,

rising among the trees, was soon apparent. Ashbrook was a pretty, rural village, with whitewashed houses and thatched roofs, and trees rising between them; everything looked clean and peaceful. The church was an old building with ivy-grown porch; and the vicarage near it, a tasteful gothic cottage with green lawn and shrubbery in front, and clustering elms with a rookery behind, had an indescribable air about it that I can only inadequately express by saying that it looked purely English,—a country clergyman's *home*.

Eustace introduced me to his wife, a blue-eyed merry being, who fondly repaid his love, while on her he poured down all that pure affection which had been so long restrained in the orphan's breast. Father or mother his warm heart had never known to love,—he doted on his wife. I remained an hour at the vicarage, witnessing the most perfect domestic happiness that the imagination of poet could conceive. I will not tire my reader by superfluous description, nor pain myself by dwelling on the former peace of that which is now a house of desolation; sufficient that I left Ashbrook with my heart warmed towards Eustace and Isabel into feelings of unbounded love and admiration.

CHAPTER X.

The Sorrows of Snibs.—An important Secret is disclosed which nearly affects the Happiness of two Individuals.—The Delights of a Richmond Packet, and the Dangers of a Dance.

Seated upon a stile near the entrance to Ashbrook, the first person that I met on my return home was Mr. Snibs. To judge from his face, he was certainly in no amiable mood, whilst repeated groans indicated that he was a martyr either to bodily or mental pain.

"Mr. Snibs here!" said I.

"Mr. Snibs here!"—yes, Mr. Snibs *is* here, and here he's likely to remain.—Confound that swaggering major!"

"Why, my dear sir, what can be the matter?"

"Matter! Where's my shoe? Look here, look at my feet! look at these boots! they don't fit! Mr. Atherley lent them to me, and they jam my toes into a—confound the major; I should like to know how my shoe got into his pocket!"

"But tight boots," said I, "every one must sometimes endure."

"Tight boots!" cried the martyr; "were not tight boots one of the tortures of the middle ages? Don't they keep them as relics in old castles? Were they not one (or a pair) of the curses of the feudal system, or something of that kind? What business have they on my feet? For my part, I don't see why people wear boots or shoes at all."

"It is by acting up to that theory, Mr. Snibs, that you have placed yourself in the present predicament."

"Confound the major!—Is this May-day?"

"No," said I, "what brings that to your mind?"

"Because I have just seen a Jack-in-the-green."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, there's a woman in Ashbrook all covered with flowers and leaves, quite a walking summer-house: she talked gibberish to me, and began to sing; but I don't like singing—especially with tight

boots. I asked who it was, and a man told me it was 'poor Rosa :—those Jack-in-the-greens are always poor. Hark !'

The song of a melodious voice proceeded from the adjacent copse:—

" Trust not his sighs,
Nor his vows believe ;
Though thou be faithful,
Man will deceive !"

" As I live," cried Mr. Snibs, " there she is ! That's the Jack-in-the-green !"

Suddenly the numbers changed, and the melody of wild mirth streamed forth :—

" Merry, merry, merry the lonely maid !
Merry, merry, merry she he betrayed !
The stricken is merry, the striker is sad ;
The false one must mourn, yet the victim is glad !"

Then came a clear and prolonged laugh—musical, indeed, yet so cold, so hollow and mirthless, that my blood chilled as it died away in the distance, while the singer retreated among the trees.

" On my life," said Mr. Snibs, " there's nothing good in Ashbrook : who ever heard such a lack-a-daisical Jack-in-the-green ?"

" What else is wrong ?" inquired I.

" What else !—everything. Look, now, 'tis dusk, and there's not a gas-lamp in the village !—Confound the boots ! how they pinch ! Not a gas-lamp, on my honour ! There's no water company, and all the people go to one pump. Then there's not a tile in the whole place, and the roads are neither paved nor Macadamized."

" Is that all ?"

" All ! and enough too !—but there is more ; look at the trees, how they stop circulation of air ! look at the hedges, how they want clipping ! and positively they lay linen to dry on those hedges, as bad as if in London, we were to hang it over our brick walls ;—just reflect how barbarous that would be ! How do you feel ?"

" How do I feel !"

" Yes ; a'n't you hungry ? There will be a tray of eatables at nine o'clock ; it will take me half an hour to get home with these confounded boots ; so it's no use for me to sit on this stile any longer."

Having made these sagacious calculations, and having arrived at this self-evident conclusion, Mr. Snibs descended from his seat, and hobbled by my side to Atherley cottage.

" Well, Mr. Snibs," said Major Crust, " have you found your shoe ?"

" I have not."

" I thought you had been to fish for it."

" I have not." Mr. Snibs looked very wrathful, as he dashed forth these majestic replies.

" O fatal loss ! O dire distress !" shouted the author youth. " When you get a new pair, sir," said the major, " pray put them both in my pocket ; an odd one is not worth having."

" Union alone, great Mars will bless," continued the incipient poet. " Have you been to order a new pair ?" asked Dr. Stickler.

"I have not," replied Mr. Snibs;—"I am going to bed!" And, casting around a glance of fire almost powerful enough to fry the cold fowl on which his hungry eye last rested, he stalked from the room, deaf even to the dissuasive clatter of knives and forks that Tom Briton most maliciously caused to assail his ears.

Notwithstanding the ire of Mr. Snibs, the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly away. I told Tom Briton how I had found our old friend Eustace, and gave a glowing account of the happiness he seemed to enjoy; thereby calling down upon myself a considerable scolding for having presumed to see, and even to visit him, without imparting my knowledge to our common friend (who, however, at the time I met Eustace, was very busily occupied in tormenting Doctor Stickler): having defended myself from the charge of selfishness, I was proceeding to other matters, when the author youth, who had been seated beside Anne Atherley, rose to speak to some one at a distance; thereupon, with the greatest apparent carelessness, my heart beating the while, I, by perfect accident, took possession of his chair. Entering, then, into conversation with my new neighbour, I soon monopolized her attention and, (for I am now happily in a state to speak for *her* also,) we were soon both of us as delighted as the first taste of love could make us. Tom Briton discovered whither I had fled, and took good care, according to established custom, to remind me of the circumstance, whenever afterwards it was his gracious will and pleasure to feel in a bantering mood.

I do not know what charm it was that Tom carried about with him; and yet, although he, in turn, tormented every body, he generally contrived to make it appear that it was he alone who sympathized with their sufferings. His victims knew him to be mischievous, yet each in his own case blindly imagined Tom Briton to be "a particular friend," who would not for the world turn him to ridicule, but rather condoled with him on the sportive propensities of some enemy unknown. Thus, although Tom was the sole cause of Mr. Snibs's misfortunes, that injured worthy, far from regarding him as such, looked upon him as a kindred spirit, a friend to whose sympathizing gaze he might disclose the secrets of a confiding soul.

Ay, truly, the soul of Snibs was confiding; his heart was soft; doomed by a thankless profession to spend his days in the society of thoughtless boys, in the daily endurance of juvenile scorn, what wonder that he now poured his hidden thoughts into any ear that would attend?—What wonder at the nature of the communication which he made the following morning to Tom Briton, the universal condoler?

"Mr. Briton," said Snibs, as they walked together, (Tom was then going to visit Eustace Weston), "Mr. Briton, I feel that I can rely upon your still maintaining the character——"

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Snibs," said Tom, with a grave face, but "a smile in his eye."

Mr. Snibs remained silent, in doubt how to continue.

"Mr. Briton," said he, at length, "my happiness is at stake—Do you know my age?—I see you don't.—Well, sir, would you believe it—it's fifty! I am fifty years of age, sir, and—I am not in love!"

"I never heard," remarked Tom, "that *not* being in love made people unhappy."

"It does *me*, sir—it *does* me!—I am very miserable!—I have been a drudge for fifty years, and, in all that time, have had no chance of putting an end to my trouble by marriage. You, sir, are of the age to understand these matters.—Mr. Briton, I feel years growing upon me,—matters are desperate!—something *must* be done!"

"Have you never been in the society of ladies?"

"Yes, yes; I've examined lots:—but, that's the thing, you see—the best I know, is only a seventy pounder!"

"Do you take them by weight?" cried Tom, in surprise; "if so, certainly you have a very light set of acquaintance!"

"Pounds sterling," explained Snibs, with a sigh.

"Oho!" said Tom, "I understand now, your anxiety to get married."

"Just so. Can you help me on in any way? If you knew, Mr. Briton, the pains I have taken, if you knew the anxiety—the misery,—O, O!—I wish I *was* in love."

"You will undertake to fall in love," said Tom, "if I show you a woman of property?"

"Won't I?" replied Snibs.

"Though she be ugly?"

"What's the odds?" replied the philosophic bachelor.

"If she be a vixen?"

"I'll be her match!"

"Then I have a lady that will exactly suit you:—I will assist your endeavours; you must come to London with me, and, for the present, I give you the name to cherish:—Dorothea Jones."

"How much is she worth?" inquired the cautious Snibs.

"A few thousands."

"Dear creature!—Is she a widdy?"

"No; a maid."

"And what's her age?"

"More than fifty."

"Do you think I stand a chance?"

"With my assistance," replied Tom, "success is certain. Are you still with Dr. Pitchitin?"

"Dr. Pitchitin went off to Australia, and I keep his school, but it's fell off sadly. I'm so glad I'm in love!—Dorothea!—when we're domesticated, I'll call her Dolly:—Mrs. Dolly Snibs!"

The delighted usher pressed Tom's hand in silent gratitude, as he drew this simple and affecting picture of future conjugal felicity.

From the first moment of seeing Mr. Snibs, Tom had concluded, in his own mind, the match here decided upon; and it was with no small delight, that he found the readiness with which his intentions were met half way. Meanwhile, in London, other matters required arrangement, and, although bound by a certain spell to Richmond, I felt anxious to learn how my father's affairs were progressing; old Atherley's pressing invitation to prolong our stay was, therefore, declined; and, with a promise to continue our acquaintance, (that I most joyfully gave,) we took leave of Atherley Cottage, and its kind,

hospitable inmates, to embark with Mr. Snibs, on board the Richmond steamer.

Hallowed to the almost exclusive service of the votaries of pleasure—a delightful place is that Richmond steamer! It was towards evening when we trod its boards, and the pic-nic parties were returning to their homes. Empty hampers were piled upon the deck.—O, with what pleasure had those hampers once been packed, with what eagerness had they been unpacked!—but they were not all empty: snugly ensconced in one corner of the boat, was a stout old dame, with her daughter, and her daughter's husband, and her daughter's two children, and the old dame found some pleasant cordial yet lurking in the hamper that crowned the circle; and the dame's daughter, and the dame's daughter's husband, were hob-nobbing together very happily, with something they seemed to enjoy; and the little children were eating plum-cake, lump after lump, with an energy perfectly alarming. But, try as they would, this cake, beyond a certain point, would not pack more closely: the little darlings could eat no more; and the remaining favours were generously dispensed to the other children on board. Then every little urchin, and there were not a few, was running about for the next half hour, bearing in its hand a huge slice of moist plum cake, at which it nibbled perpetually. I could not look at cake for a fortnight afterwards! Then there was a young man with a little blue cloth cap, beneath which his hair twirled forth, and blue jacket and bright buttons, and his arms majestically folded, pacing the decks like a real admiral, as his fond mother, who sat near, declared to her neighbours he should one day be;—he looked very fierce, and there seemed a fire in his eye that said—Although we are going all the way to London, I shan't be sea-sick! Over the cabin window reclined three or four elegant young gentlemen, with cigars in their mouths, trying to make believe that they liked the taste of smoke, although every body could see it half choked them; they were dressed in exquisite taste, and regaled themselves with biscuits and brandy and water,—I beg their pardon! they did not use anything so vulgar as water,—brandy and *soda*-water. Near these, a less aspiring knot were making a luncheon, dinner, or tea,—I know not which they call these steam-boat meals,—on bottled porter and bread and cheese: it was hot weather, and the cheese looked very greasy: I would almost have preferred eating the plum-cake. Moreover, there were languid ladies, who ate captain's biscuit with the greatest gentility, breaking off from a small mass a delicate fragment, holding it lightly with the thumb and ring-finger of the right hand, the other fingers extended, inclining the head a little to the right and backwards, drooping the eyelids, slowly opening the lips, and still more slowly inserting the morsel, which it took half an hour to swallow. There were hoyden girls pulling everybody to pieces, and tumbling over your legs every two minutes; and there were lover couples very happy, the gentlemen bringing seats for the ladies, and the ladies sitting so gracefully, and looking so charming,—only the dense smoke from the chimney caused many blacks to fall, and they all looked rather sooty.

We had scarcely started from Richmond, before Mr. Snibs was

missed; I went in search of him down stairs into the cabin, and there I found him,—happy. At a number of tables, parties, smaller or larger, were seated at tea; the smell of shrimps in the whole cabin was abominable;—for shrimps are a maritime accompaniment to the tea-table, and therefore in great request among the Thames packet travellers. Mr. Snibs was drinking tea, and eating bread and butter furiously.

“Only fifteen-pence,” cried he, “come along!”

“I feel no inclination,” replied I.

“Ah!” replied Snibs, “the rolls are so nice, I couldn’t resist!—Nice shrimps, a’nt they?”

“How do you know? You have none.”

“No; they’re too expensive. I go by the smell. It’s a great luxury to take tea in a shrimp room!”

There was a shuffling of feet above and the tuning of a harp and fiddle. Tom Briton descended with mischief in his eye, and took his seat beside Snibs.

“They’re going to dance,” said Tom.

“Are they?” replied Snibs, carelessly, at the same time finishing his roll:—“Waiter! another roll!—More butter!” He then put five or six lumps of sugar into his empty cup, preparatory to pouring out the tea.

“You do not usually take so much sugar,” said I.

“No,” replied Snibs, in a confidential tone, “but,—I’ll tell you what,—it’s all in for the money, and it’s pity to leave any, you know!” Another roll was brought and laid siege to. “Mr. Briton, won’t *you* take tea too?”

“No, I thank you, Mr. Snibs;—but have you heard a new regulation?”

“No; what?”

“To encourage dancing for the amusement of passengers, any gentleman who takes part in more than five quadrilles will have his fare returned.”

Parsimony was one of Snib’s virtues.

“What’s that you say?—Fare returned!—Nonsense!—besides, I can’t dance.”

“Of course not: I did not expect you would,” said Tom; “I merely told you this as a piece of information.”

“I don’t know, though,—”

“O, Mr. Snibs, for you to dance would, of course, be absurd;—do not attempt such a thing!—really——”

Mr. Snibs had at first suspected a trick, but Tom’s tone answered its purpose in utterly disarming all suspicion.

“I’ll dance,” cried he.

“Pray, Mr. Snibs, do not make yourself ridiculous! This arrangement is not intended for such as you. You are unused to dancing;—unfit,—really——”

“You think I can’t dance!—I’ll show you!—Eighteen pence, remember! Let me finish this roll and I’ll join in the next quadrille!”

Full of tea and rolls and fixed intentions, Mr. Snibs shortly bore his ponderous form up the cabin-stairs, and stood with us by his side on deck.

A quadrille had just commenced, and, seating himself near the dancers, the bewildered pedagogue looked in despair on the mazy movements. How on earth should his feet be guided through them! he had new shoes, too, (thanks to the major,) and they creaked horribly: the quadrille advanced, and Snibs became more and more confused; that simple romance was to him most complex.

That *romance*! and is there, then, romance in a dance like this? There may be romance in Holbein's Dance of Death; there may be romance in the dance of witches on Walpurgis' Night; there may be romance in the dance of fairies on the greensward ring; romance even, perhaps, in the dance of Spanish peasants to sound of castanet;—but a quadrille beneath the smoky chimney of a Richmond steamer, what romance can be contained in that?—it is in fact the representation by symbolic movements of *THE COURSE OF LOVE*. If any doubt, to him let this explain:—

In the opening figure are exhibited two opposed pairs of lovers, happy in themselves, devoted to each other, resisting all temptation; the pairs advance; become intimately associated together; each remains faithful, and they pass on with unaltered attachment; then they occasionally *meet each other*, but no cause for jealousy arises, and, each gentleman occupying himself solely with his chosen lady, they dance about with one another to prove how well they are contented in themselves.

All this, however, is too good to last: the hottest water cools by standing, and, unless the flame that warms it be continually fed, love, that once bubbled over, will grow lukewarm and flat. In the second figure this is illustrated. Tired of her partner, the lady, but now so fond, cruelly deserts him and flirts in a most heartless manner with the lover over the way. At one time she will run to meet him, and then avoid and tantalize the equally faithless swain; while the deserted maiden loses no time in retaliating, by acting in a similar manner towards the slighted gentleman.

In the next figure matters assume a still darker aspect; the plot thickens, and the faithless lovers are at cross purposes. The gentleman over the way advances and offers his hand to the coquette, she passes on; thinks of the offer; and, in returning, grants him hers. The deserted ones, on either side, alarmed at so serious an appearance, grasp the remaining hands of their false ones to dissuade them from such a step: they are all long united in consultation, which happily ends in each reclaiming the lost favourite. Notwithstanding, however, that the afflicted swain had regained his own mistress, the charms of her opponent have touched his heart: to the dismay of the returned damsel he acts as faithlessly as she, and is reclaimed in a similar manner.

But not completely! The lady over the way, still touched, persuades her suitor to visit their friends opposite: they go once, and, returning happily, he is ready to go once more, when, of her own accord, she suddenly deserts him, and he is compelled to return, heart-stricken and desolate. The gentleman thus provided with two sweet-hearts cruelly advances to taunt his rival, who, all alone, is reduced to the necessity of making overtures of peace: the power of the dance is

at this crisis vindicated by a graceful *pas seul*, which once more chains down the affection of the faithless one; they all unite in peace, and, the solo dancer returning with his lady, each couple makes demonstration of mutual happiness. Ladies' hearts, however, are much alike, and he who but now was blessed with two, finds himself deserted. By a repetition of the scene, Terpsichorean justice is executed previous to the final happiness.

To enhance the pleasures of quiet possession, before retiring with their lovers, the maidens coquette once more; and then, having, according to the forms of society, evinced their mutual respect,—respect so necessary to a happy alliance, they lovingly embrace, and totally wrapt up in each other, regardless of all else, launch off to a waltz tune, into the whirligig of matrimony: while less giddy couples walk away steadily and peaceably together.

All this I apprehend to be the meaning of the numerous evolutions which compose what is called the “first set” of quadrilles, and it was on the developement of this story that Mr. Snibs looked, with bewilderment in his eye. The waltz was over,—time, in a steamer of short passage, must not be wasted; the harp and fiddle paused an instant, and struck up again: new sets were formed, and Mr. Snibs, rushing straight forwards, stood before a lady;—his courage failed him,—his words stuck in his throat; but she guessed his meaning, and rising, led him,—yes, led him,—to a vacant place.

The partner Mr. Snibs had chosen, or, to speak more correctly, the partner on which Mr. Snibs had stumbled, was a good tempered, stout old dame, who led him at once to the head of one of the sets. The harp and fiddle having performed the prelude to the ballet, away they started, and Mr. Snibs, seeing that motion was decidedly necessary, moved forthwith, and hopped about, he knew not how or whither, until the end of the figure; when he found himself in the middle of a set which was being performed at a distance of some yards from that to which he had been originally annexed: discovered and captured by his fair partner, he was brought back in triumph to his post.

“Do as I do, next time,” whispered the lady.

So he did, and followed her about, closely mimicking every movement, to the amusement of the by-standers.

At length came the *pastorale*, covered with the execration of awkward gentlemen dancers from its invention downwards. Mr. Snibs had seen beautiful feats of agility performed in solo by the gentleman opposite, a little bow-legged tailor, and his turn came to emulate them. he outdid himself, and defied all competition. O, it would have gladdened the heart of him who foresaw the display of elegance that the *pastorale* was calculated to call forth,—it would have gladdened that man's heart, could he have beheld the flounderings of Mr. Snibs!—he flew to the right; he flew to the left; he retreated backwards; he ran forwards; he sprang into the air; descending, his foot glanced over an apple-peel, and he fell prostrate upon the deck! Then ceased the music, the sounds of the twanging harp vibrated their last upon the ear; the fiddle ceased, and the nimble foot of the dancer was stayed. Around the form of the prostrate one is congregated the throng; the men crowd on all sides,—suppressed laughter

proceedeth from the lips of the scorner,—and the voice of condolence arises. Raise thyself, Snibs, and look around! blush not that thy feet have slipped on the decks of the steamer! swear not at that apple-peel,—innocent agent of ill! nor at the hand that pared it from the ripe fruit of the tenant of the orchard! A voice proceeds from the rosy lips of his partner, its tones are tones of compassion,—“Sir, are you hurt?” is the question. “Not much,” is the groan-impaired answer of the risen Snibs. She thrusts a card into his hand, and is lost among the separating throng.

“That was an awkward accident,” said Tom Briton, following Snibs in his retreat to the cabin.

“Awkward! Mr. Briton; I was doing it well, only that apple-peel,—that,—I won’t swear, Mr. Briton.”

“Pray don’t, Mr. Snibs; you dance better than I thought.”

“I will tell you a secret, Mr. Briton;—I always had a natural taste for dancing; considering I was never taught, I got on amazingly to-day; you’ve no idea how I enjoyed myself!”

“I perceived that you did,” said Tom.

“Yes; if I only knew the steps and the figures,—but what matter’s that! In dancing, Mr. Briton,—in dancing, if I may so express myself,—I’m a child of nature! The rules of art, sir, will do for them as have——”

“Excuse my interrupting you,”—said Tom, “but what card is that in your hand?”

“What the lady gave me,—‘Signor Vigenzo, Professor of Dancing, Charles Street, Mile End;’—she’s his wife.”

“Yes, and travels in these steamers, doubtless, on purpose to distribute her husband’s cards among partners in the dance.”

Such was the fact.

“Do you know, Mr. Snibs,” said Tom, after a pause—“do you know that I would advise you to take a few lessons.”

“Quite needless, Mr. Briton.”

“What I mean,” said Tom, “is, that your Dorothea passionately admires dancing,—it is the readiest way to her heart:—so, if you were to learn some hornpipe, or——”

“No use,” replied Snibs, “I could do one out of my own head.”

“But, perhaps, she might not understand it.”

“No matter,—I would dance till she did. You have no idea what a nice dance I could invent! I feel it in me,—the faculty, the power, the—the—manufactory.”

“It is the curse of original inventors,” said Tom Briton, “that they seldom reap profit themselves; they generally meet with neglect. Rather than initiate a dance, I would advise you, therefore, to learn one already established,—something popular, combining energetic action with grace of attitude——”

“I see,” cried Mr. Snibs, “I see!”

At this moment the boat stopped. “Vauxhall!” cried a stentorian voice at the top of the stairs, “any passengers for Vauxhall?”

“Yes,” said Tom, “we get out here.”

“But I have four more quadrilles to dance!” cried Mr. Snibs.

“There will be no time. You must pay your fare.”

There was no alternative; and, unwillingly quitting the delights of the Richmond steamer, Mr. Snibs soon stood with us upon the pier by Vauxhall Bridge. It was already dusk,—too late, as Tom observed, to “do any business;” and, having been deprived of our own lodgings, we retired for the night, with Snibs as our guest, to seek shelter in the nearest hotel.

CHAPTER XI.

Tom Briton.—Morning calls.—*Orlando v. Snibs*.—Literary Disclosures;—and further Designs against the Heart of Tabitha Jones.

He who meets with a man in the world, and has never seen him in the midst of his family, however intimate he may be, can boast only of half an acquaintance. I am desirous that my readers should be better acquainted with Tom Briton, and, for that purpose, now think it advisable to give some particulars of his domestic life. At the period of which I am writing I myself knew nothing of this, and it may be out of order to tell it here: on the score of order, however, as I am careless of censure, so I am not by any means solicitous of praise: what it is my desire the reader should know concerning my life, I tell him, and that whenever I think needful, or whenever it may occur to me, without much troubling my head concerning place or time.

Tom Briton never spoke to me of his family, and I pressed no questions, lest something of sad recollection might be called up. The facts, as I afterwards found, were these:—His father, descended of high family, and possessed of enormous wealth, was cursed with a miserly disposition. He lived in the meanest part of London; deprived himself even of necessities; living only in the consciousness of possession. Left with a sister one year younger than himself, at an early age, to the sole care of this parent, it seemed probable that the two children would grow in total ignorance; for it was beyond the stretch of their father's generosity to afford them means of instruction. And yet he loved them; he loved them too much,—for he loved them as his treasures, which, never parted from his sight, were never permitted to have intercourse with the world.

But, fortunately, unlike gold, the two children ate and drank: had they fasted, their father would have kept them for ever; but, as it was, when a near relative (an uncle) in Sussex offered to take them to his home, the offer was gladly accepted. By their uncle, the miser's children were petted and educated. Tom grew to a noble youth; his sister Mary became a beautiful and accomplished girl, the belle of the parish. Brother and sister were a handsome pair. At length the uncle died, leaving by will to his nephew five hundred a year, and the same to his niece at the death of her aunt, with whom she was to continue to live.

Tom, after a time, took lodgings in London—living for fun; but not for fun alone. Although five hundred a year was no large sum, he found it large enough to satisfy the dictates of a warm heart. Deeds of charity like Tom's, were not meant to be published; one, however, that afterwards came to my knowledge, I cannot avoid mentioning. A poor relation (all men have poor relations), one who

had known better days, and had fallen with his family into undeserved poverty, wrote to old Briton for the loan of ten pounds. The letter came while Tom was with his father.

"Psha!" cried the old man, pushing it over to his son,—*"Lend money! lend money!—A poor man, too, with no security! Write, and tell him not to pester me!—I sha'n't waste paper myself on answering it."*

"I will get rid of his importunity," said Tom.

And so he did. Journeying at once to the poor man's house, he offered the ten pounds, in his father's name, as a Christmas present (it was winter then): he remained some time, whiling the hours away with kind intercourse, and at length took leave. Soon after, in the leaves of an old Bible, one of the distressed family lighted on a treasure; they had taken it down to read for consolation, and were consoled with notes to the value of an hundred pounds. Tom had secretly placed them there; one fifth of his own annual income. Every year, but at different times, and in different places, to elude discovery, a similar treasure was found. These relations, though poor, were industrious; the means of applying labour thus found, they laboured with good heart and gained a little competence; then the annual God-send ceased, and the happy family blessed the unknown friend who had rescued them from misery; ay, and from death.

No wonder Tom Briton had a happy mind!—No wonder his laugh was so cheery, his step so light!

I feel that I am trenching on private matters, but I must plead temptation:—the crime is committed, and now I'll go on with my story.

The sun had risen from his rosy bed; the cocks had crowed several times; the lark,—bah! I can't manage the sentiment! in short, then, it was morning again, and we were all out of bed. It was Friday morning (for, be it remembered, we spent only one night at Richmond)—Friday morning, then; breakfast was over; and the great bell of St. Paul's struck eleven. I mention St. Paul's, because it sounds well, although, I have no doubt, other clocks nearer at hand, down to the Dutch clock on our mantelpiece, struck eleven as well as their more exalted relative.

"Now," said Tom, "with your permission, Mr. Snibs, and with your companionship, we'll make a few morning calls."

"Where shall we go first?" asked I.

"Mr. Snibs would like to see Miss Dorothea."

The intended was on his legs in a minute; and we were all on our way to visit the Misses Jones. We had but a very short distance to walk, and soon arrived at their dwelling. Entering, without ceremony, (for my father's wealth had raised us to the rank of privileged visitors,) we passed through the shop, and opening the parlour-door, found Tabitha alone, her hands covered with lather, busily engaged in—washing the monkey!

Orlando, who seemed to have been enjoying the operation, looked spitefully at the intruders, but not more spitefully than the lady, who found herself disturbed by three gentlemen,—one, too, a perfect stran-

ger,—in so singular an employment. But her anger was necessarily confined to looks; she dared not vent it.

"Ah, madam," said Tom, "do not let us disturb you!—It really is quite pleasant to see such a habit of cleanliness.—Your animals, my dear Miss Jones, are quite pictures!"

Tom had touched the right note.

"Are they not lovely dears!" replied Tabitha. "Sit down, sir; sit down, Fitzroy. Fitzroy, my dear, would you mind fetching a stool out of the shop for that other gentleman?"

"We cannot stay long," said I; "aunt Dorothy and my grandmother, where are they?"

"Gone to the upholsterer's," replied Tabitha, with pride; "gone to make arrangements for our party. By-the-bye, Mr. Briton, I am glad you are come, for I have a note of invitation that I did not know where to send to you. Here it is." And wiping her hands on her "morning gown," she delivered an elegant note into Tom's hand.

"Have you seen my father?" inquired I.

"No;" said Tabitha, "he hasn't been since you were here last: I'm afeard the dear creatures annoyed him a little." Here my aunt looked very vicious, as much as to add, I hope they did. "Orlando! you're wet, don't touch the gentleman!"

Orlando, however, did not, or would not, hear: dripping wet, and covered as he was with white lather, he sprang upon the lap of Mr. Snibs, passed one soapy arm affectionately round his neck, and, with the other hand, proceeded to imitate on his victim the late operations of his mistress: taking a quantity of the lather that covered himself, he proceeded to rub it into the face of Mr. Snibs most vigorously, grinning all the while (impudent monkey as he was), conscious of mischief. The unfortunate Snibs sputtered and struggled, and sputtered yet more, when, opening his mouth to protest, a fresh handful of lather obtained entrance. Tom Briton and I, unable to command ourselves, laughed outright; it seemed that we were never to enter that house without some one falling a victim to the family propensities. My aunt, enraged, caught her favourite by the tail; slippery with soap, it eluded her grasp: at length, however, Mr. Snibs contrived to extricate himself, and rushed immediately from the house; people in the street thought him a madman, foaming at the mouth, and took care to get out of his way; the hotel, fortunately, was close at hand, and there he tore upstairs, knocked down the waiter, flung himself into his bedroom, where the chambermaid was making the bed, threw her into fits, and washed himself.

I and Tom Briton hastily took leave, and following our afflicted friend, assisted in comforting and cleaning him: soon after we were ready to start once more, in continuance of our morning calls.

"Stay!" said Tom; "let us look, Fitzroy, at your aunt's note of invitation." He took it from his pocket: it was the following, enclosed in a laced envelope, strongly scented with musk, written on yellow paper with a white laced border:—

"Hon^d Sir,—The Misses tabitha and Dorothea jones presents their compt^a to m^r. Briton and shall Be happy to see his presense

on thursday ev'nin, the — of — anno dummony 18—. To comence at aight o clok Precisly at an evenin dress soary Party at which his company is Requested

Your obed^t. servants

Tabitha jones

dorothea Ditto.

"The misses t. and d. j. will be happy to see any frens of yours that you may like to bring here."

"An elegant invitation," said Tom, "and truly it gives promise of a delightful party! Now let us call on Walter Pump, and learn how his affairs are progressing."

Following our merry leader, we shortly arrived at Pump Dairy, and ascended to the room of the literary character.

"Fortune, I thank thee!" cried Walter Pump; "Sweet mistress, thanks be thine! Even as my work was completed, hast thou sent three human beings on whom I may try its influence! Be seated, gentlemen!"

"It is unfortunate," said Tom, "very unfortunate, that the pressing nature of our business will prevent us from enjoying the pleasure, nay, the honour, of hearing your composition,—but—"

"The opening chapter I have this moment completed," interrupted Walter; "I have just contracted with one of the first publishers,—one of the first publishers, sir—for a tale of high life. I have only a week to do it in, and, really—"

"How long is it to be?" asked I.

"Three volumes, of course. I must work hard! I have hired a man to dispense the lacteal beverage"—here he sighed.

"Did you call on Miss Jones?" asked Tom.

"I did! I did! the reception I met with is best depicted in a sonnet composed on the occasion. I know it by heart:—

" 'When Cynthia——' "

"Did you read her your composition, Mr. Pump?"

"Vile wretch!—a tasteless girl! She would not hear it! In vain, in vain I urged:—'Away!' she cried—'Go, go! no longer shalt thou be the favoured conveyer of sweet milk to the tenants of this house! Another man shall serve me!' Alas! alas! alas! another man—thus is Pump, even Pump, cast off for—another man! A beautiful burst of feeling, that!" added he, "I'll put it in 'the Flippant Flagstone.'"

"The what?" cried Tom, astonished.

" 'The Flippant Flagstone!' that's the name of my novel."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Your question delights me, Sir. I find that I have made a hit! You are aware that what they call the alliteration is essential?"

"I know it is usual," amended Tom.

"That done, a strange name alone remains to make the work sell; a name that makes every one read the book before he can find out what it means;—people read the book solely to find out what the name means."

"And when they finish it," said I, "they find out, I suppose, that it means nothing?"

"It means, sir," replied Pump, "it means,—the name of the novel."

"Flippant Flagstone,—for example,—does a flagstone figure in your novel? and do you find it 'flippant?'"

"I conclude the work," replied Walter Pump, "with FLIPPANT FLAGSTONE in small caps,—bring it in at the end of a sentence:—that makes it right."

"Mysterious still!" said Tom.

"Better so," said the literary man; "I will tell you a secret,—but it must go no farther.—A friend of mine, a little while since, made a great stir in the world,—I'll tell you how he did it. He wrote a play; put into it everything he could think of,—angels, devils, dogs, horses, witches, and a man that talked so deeply no one could understand him;—he gave out to the world, that in this play, he had developed a philosophical system of the most profound kind; and here and there, in his play, he put speeches and so on, that looked like philosophical stages. Well! no one could make head or tail of it;—every one's head was puzzled;—it was translated, sir, into foreign languages, over and over again! so often, that people laughed at the idea of translating it any more;—every review admired its deepness, and made a pretty theory of its own, as to its meaning; every word was weighed and scraped, to see what it was made of;—my friend knew they would find no meaning, for he had taken good care to put none in it. He laughed in his sleeve. A good spec. that, sir, wasn't it? That's what I want to do with 'The Flippant Flagstone.' Gentlemen, these are secrets of the prison-house: you will not betray them, I hope. Now let me read this chapter to you?"

"You say Miss Tabitha has turned you off?" said Tom, suddenly.

"A-hem!" Walter Pump erected his shirt collar; "a strong phrase that!—as I say in my poem on Antibilious Pills."

"I understand," interrupted Tom Briton; "you would like still to win her?"

"Like, dost thou say?—Alas, how weak are words!—Dote!—love!—delight!—enjoy!—"

'O who can bid the raptured heart
Express,—all on a sudden start,—
Its burning thought in words!'

as I say in my poem of 'The Dead Take-in,'—an imitation of 'Paradise Lost!'"

The quotation coming this time without its usual preliminary notice, took us fairly by surprise.

"If then you would win her," said Tom, "be earnest. Give her no peace! Call, write, speak, drown her with poetry; and, if all this fails, as a last resource go mad!"

Walter Pump rose from the table, and grasped Tom's hand.—

"Noble adviser! Thanks! I will comply. If all else fail,—ay, if all fail,—madness itself shall stare with open eyes, to see how mad I'll be. Noble-hearted friend, how shall I reward thee? Ay, you must hear this chapter!" Hereupon Mr. Pump caught up a large sheet of coarse brown paper, and I noticed, for the first time, that his scrawls were now all executed upon material of the same quality.

"Surely, Mr. Pump," said Tom Briton, "you must find it very inconvenient to write your compositions on such stuff as this."

"Genius is negligent," replied the literary character; "I find every literary man has a peculiarity;—some can write only in their best clothes,—that is expensive;—others cannot compose in slippers;—some can put their thoughts alone on gilt edged satin paper,—I on whitey brown. These, sir, are the little peculiarities that distinguish men of genius. I will now read you——"

"We must really take leave," said Tom; "this gentleman,"—pointing to Mr. Snibs, "would be delighted——"

"I say, though——" began poor Snibs, in a tone of expostulation.

"For myself and my friend," continued Tom, deaf to interruption, "we have urgent business; this gentleman is at leisure, and would be proud to hear you. You will meet us at the hotel, Mr. Snibs, by four o'clock."

Thus speaking, Tom Briton made a hasty bow and disappeared, while I followed, leaving Mr. Snibs to enjoy the opening of "The Flippant Flagstone,"—a task which I heard commenced before we reached the bottom of the stairs.

"Now," said Tom, "let us go in search of the legatee."

My father—but stay!—of what am I thinking?—Bob Pike, Esq is now a man of importance in the world: let him have, therefore, a chapter to himself.

(To be continued.)

THE PYRAMIDS.

Cairo, August 16, 1841.

OF all man's works, resembling God's the most !
Simple ! sublime ! stupendous piles ! the sight
In ranging o'er your vast proportions lost,
Of all their length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Fails to conceive at once the mass aright—
Man's boast, yet humbling record of his doom !
Standing alone through years of trackless night !
Ah ! what of man's survives beyond the gloom ?
His palaces ? his fortresses ? alas ! 'tis but his tomb.

Yet such a tomb that seems both from and for
Another world than this, and only seen
In crossing like an arch from shore to shore :
These joints so closely fitting, sharp, and clean,
Time hath not sown a seed of his between :
His siege hath been these forty centuries,
And waves not o'er it yet his flag of green.
While his hot breath in many a bitter breeze,
Hath melted all things human. All ? ay—all but these.

Unchanged, nay more, unchanging though ye stand,
 Changed is indeed the scene ye look upon :
 Who now can point upon the drifted sand
 Where stood vast Memphis ? where illustrious On ?
 Where Zoan's mighty field ? for record none
 Is left their doom to tell, their site to trace,
 Save where the plain bestrewn with many a stone,
 And many a ruined-heap points, out the place
 Where Nile has left his course to give proud Memphis space.

Art's infant home, and learning's earliest school !
 The world's great college, mystic wisdom's shrine,
 Blest seat of Joseph's wise and gentle rule,
 Fair city of the sun ! and what of thine
 Remains to tell how glorious, how divine
 Thy temples rose of old ? how overthrown ?—
 I saw upon the field of thy decline,
 Thy last, forsaken, solitary stone,
 Still pointing to the god for whom thy temples shone.

Even like the finger of unchanging hope,
 That looks for better things beyond the sky,
 Extending only wider in her scope,
 The more the wish'd-for prospect seems to fly.
 Tyrants have rear'd as mighty piles on high,
 No trace is left of theirs, while this hath stood.
 Was there a charm, that time hath passed it by ?
 Its founder wisest of Egyptian blood,
 The gen'rous Osirtasen, Pharaoh great and good.

Here in his cell the Hebrew captive pined ;
 Here rode the second ruler of the land ;
 Here—where the corn is waving in the wind,
 Here—where this lonely relic stone doth stand,
 See the sharp tracings in an unknown hand !
 Could we but read the story that it tells,
 But though a tale we may not understand ;
 Yet many a vision through the fancy swells,
 And vibrates many a chord where deeper feeling dwells.

More too than wonted changes, nature round
 The desert only shifts to shift again,
 And Nile's green valleys are no longer found,
 When, swollen by the flux of Libyan rain,
 His rich and welcome flood o'erspreads the plain.
 Unworn, unshaken, ye from year to year
 Majestically standing, while in vain
 Time rolls and tempests beat,—it would appear
 As if indeed 'twere *art* that is eternal here.

Ye, who on many a bright and classic shore,
 Perchance of Greece or Italy, have seen,
 E'en where departed glory shines no more,
 Nature as lovely still as she has been ;

And if man tread not with as proud a mien,
Still woman's eye as bright, her cheek as fair,
Her voice as sweet, her forehead as serene,
On Misraim's land,—'tis not the same, for there
Time has e'en wasted that which he is wont to spare.

The change is not in Nile ; upon his breast
The lotus cradles still as pure and white,
And still the date-palm is as gaily drest,
And the gold-flower'd acacia still as bright ;
But where the garden and the waste unite,
Is not the place where they were wont to meet :
O'er Goshen's pleasant land has pass'd a blight ;
The desert has encroach'd with stealthy feet,
And cover'd o'er the vale as though its winding-sheet.

And what her children now ?—the trav'ler meets
Slave in the land where once his sires held sway ;
The cringing Copt in Cairo's narrow streets
Condemn'd to serve the stranger of to-day,
And lick the dust for tyrant's petty pay,
Nor less his mind degraded. How has all
The splendour of his genius pass'd away !
He stands within his fathers' mightiest hall,
No pride inspires his eye—no glory gilds his fall.

In Memphis' halls the tones of sweetness flow'd,
Where mingle now harsh voices o'er the plain ;
On Memphis' halls the form of beauty glow'd,
Such as her land shall never see again ;
The cerements of the tomb alone contain
The form like hers of symmetry sublime :*
Athor, whose fair face shines on Dendra's fane,
The brighter Venus of a brighter clime,
These locks were raven once—the rust is that of time.

Yet time hath spared that which he doth destroy ;
Spared—even as the caged lion spares
One victim—one to serve him for a toy.
With him his daily board and bed he shares,
And grown at last familiar, no more cares
A hungry eye towards him to allow—
It is so here ; and time no longer dares
To crumble down one fragment from that brow ;
For he hath spared so long, he may not touch it now.

* The proportions of the mummy of a female being taken, were found to correspond closely with those of the Venus de' Medici, whence it is supposed that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt were of Caucasian descent. Athor, according to Wilkinson, was the Egyptian Venus.

Eternal rocks, that in the torrent stand !
 The flood of ages howling at your feet ;
 What though the tide heave forth his boundless sand,
 In vain attempt to conquer by deceit ;
 Serene ye stand, and smile at his defeat,
 And man would place his image on this throne,
 And thought to make it his abiding seat,*
 Thereon surviving from the wreck alone,
 To be, perhaps, a god to nations then unknown.

But time would not permit that man should ford
 The stream of ages thus, and from its seat
 Dash'd down the image of earth's haughty lord,
 And trampled it to dust beneath his feet,
 But left the noble pedestal complete.
 Enough, vain man—enough—the mountain bears
 Thy chisel on its brow—the storms that beat
 Will soften, not efface, the scars it wears,
 And men shall know for ever that the mighty work is theirs.

THE JANIZARY'S BRIDE.

BY J. ROSS.

AMURATH, the first of his name who wielded the Turkish scimeter, was a bold and vindictive prince, firm in his resolves, and devotedly attached to his country. Under him, the laws were respected, his dominions increased ; and by him was formed the invincible body of the janizaries, who, by his successors, have been termed the “nerve and sinew” of the Ottoman Empire. By the sacred laws of Mohammed, the reigning prince, amongst other advantages, was entitled to the fifth part of the spoils and captives. This the prince perceived, and it was this which first directed his attention to the troops, and which afterwards tended to such beneficial results. In 1389, an edict was proclaimed throughout the empire, demanding that the stoutest and most beautiful Christian youths should be selected for his use. The natives, accustomed to obey their sultan and their laws, resigned without a murmur their hard-earned prize ; and in a few days, thousands of the European captives were submitted to his care, to be educated in the Mohammedan religion and arms. This new militia was shortly after consecrated, and named by a celebrated dervish, who, whilst standing in the front of their ranks, stretched the sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost soldier, and delivered his blessing in these words :—“ Let them be called ‘janizaries ;’ may their countenance be ever bright—their hand victorious ; their swords

* According to Herodotus, each of the principal pyramids was originally surmounted by a statue of its founder.

keen; may their spear always be upon the heads of their enemies; and, wherever they go, may they return with a white face."

Such was the origin of those haughty troops, the most firm and faithful supporters of Ottoman greatness; the terror of surrounding nations, and, sometimes, of sultans themselves. The whole body was divided into four squadrons, each containing a certain number of troops or ortas; and each orta, besides the standard and horsetail, raised before the tent of the agar, had its own particular ensign; but the most important distinction, in their estimation, was the caldron attached to each division, and placed under the care of the subaltern officers; the loss of this was considered the greatest misfortune that could befall the regiment; and if it was taken in war, all the officers were immediately cashiered; in many cases, the regiment was publicly disgraced. In these caldrons, the broth was carried from the barracks to the different guard rooms.

In 1826, these brave troops, after a glorious career of 437 years, were inhumanly destroyed by fire and sword; and that too, in the immediate presence of their Sultan. In the same year, June 17th, a proclamation was issued, abolishing the corps for ever, and laying a curse upon their name. Few escaped the dreadful massacre which surrounded them; so rigorous was the pursuit, and so faithfully was the royal mandate obeyed; and even those few were compelled, through fear of immediate death, to hide themselves in the most obscure parts of the empire, until opportunities might offer, when they could with secrecy be wafted to some foreign power, and beyond the reach of their persecutor. Amongst the number of these forlorn refugees, was a young man who had attained to great honours in the troop, and had fought with a lion's heart the battles of the Ottoman Empire. In his person he was tall and finely formed, of a noble appearance, and possessed of features of the Grecian mould. A smile seemed continually to play about his exquisitely formed lips, whilst his eyes sparkled with a fire and vivacity, which immediately prepossessed one in his favour; and his voice being soft, bland, and encouraging, seemed to add a delicacy of finish to the whole, rarely met with in more refined courts; indeed, he was a model for a warrior or a grace.

On the evening of the slaughter, he was pacing slowly and measuredly at his accustomed post, when he was suddenly startled by a vivid flame rising from the barracks at the left wing, followed by a heavy discharge of musketry into the centre of the square: ere he had entirely recovered from his surprise, the groans of his dying companions, the ear-rending shrieks of the wounded, and the disordered and dismantled state, in which they traversed the area under a deadening discharge, too plainly convinced him of the horrid slaughter, which would terminate only in the annihilation of the whole. Here and there he beheld a mounted horseman, spurring on to the various outlets, but these had been already secured, and whilst the discomfited rider was searching for some other aperture, he too shared the fate of his companions. This was the work, the sight of a moment, and as Abd-ul Hamid became fully aware of his danger—a desire of life, a desire which in honourable danger he had never known, rushed upon his mind, and seemed to be his only thought. Suddenly seizing

the reins of his already caparisoned steed, he sprung into the saddle, and without a moment's hesitation, rushed forward to where the wall was at its lowest, for he had already seen enough to convince him that the gates were now in charge of the opposing troops. The shots spattered around him as he advanced, but he proceeded undaunted, and apparently heedless of his danger. As he neared the wall, conscious that his life rested upon the virtue of his steed, he touched him briskly with his spurs, then threw the reins upon his neck, leaned gently forward, and seemed prepared to trust his fortunes to the leap; it was a hazard which upon ordinary occasions would be shrunk from, but destruction was around him, and this appeared the only barrier between life and death: the noble animal, too, seemed as if willing to fly from the massacre, and with an energy and swiftness which bespoke his Arabian blood, sprung forward, and mounted at a perpendicular above the wall; but his progress had been marked, and as he was descending from his elevated post, a ball, sent from a too certain hand, lodged at an angle from the eye; the noble beast, deserving of a better fate, plunged, with a dying yell, and fell to the earth a lifeless mass. Luckily for Abd-ul-Hamid, he secured himself from injury in the descent, and disengaging his legs from his faithful steed, was about to proceed upon his path, when a rustling noise above him attracted his attention, and looking up he beheld a horseman, descending from the leap which he had before tried, and apparently upon his track; the glance sufficed to show him he was one of the party of insurgents. The means of escape was thus unexpectedly presented, and drawing his oft-tried blade, he plunged it to the hilt in the breast of the unconscious soldier; as he received the blow, he gave a sudden cry of pain mingled with surprise at the unexpected attack, then seized his heavy musket with both hands, and aimed it at his opponent; but ere he could discharge the fatal weapon, the hands relaxed their hold, and he fell from his saddle a senseless being. Abd-ul-Hamid regarded him not, but mounting to the unoccupied seat, urged on in his intended route.

At the suburbs of the city and their very extremity, resided Mustapha, a powerful noble of the court, and who secretly aided in the destruction of the Janizaries. Abd-ul-Hamid, unconscious of this, and partly too for the love he bore his beautiful daughter, (for be it known, their troths, though privately, had long been plighted,) directed thitherward his steed, and arrived, without further molestation, about two hours after the catastrophe before described. The beauteous Ada, ever happy in his arrival, rushed forward at his entrance, and clasping him to her breast, exclaimed, whilst the tears rolled down her faded cheeks,—“He is safe, he is safe, Alla be praised! my Hamid, did they spare thee, and thee alone, in their anger? or hast thou escaped from their power, and must now fly beyond their reach?—Speak! tell me true!”

“My Ada,” he replied, in soothing accents, “appease your agitated mind; thus far have I escaped, but still I am not yet safe, for ere now the remorseless hinds may be upon my track; firmly do I believe they have sworn that their cimeters shall not find rest, until not a Janizary can be found to tread the earth.”

“Then fly!—stay not to be basely murdered!—You go not!

Hamid, 'tis your Ada! your betrothed! who bids thee fly, and seek some refuge to guard thee from their rage—Go! go!” said she in a supplicating attitude, “methinks I could pray for thy absence—do not loiter thus.”

“Ada, I cannot lull you into a false security,—what I have said is but too true; but should my life be the price of my temerity, still can I not leave you without acquainting you of my intended plans.—Ada, oft hast thou asked me of my birth, but until now have I eluded an answer; know then, beloved of my heart, I am a descendant of the noble family of Chatois, and am the nephew of the present Lord. My father, when young, undertook a voyage to the Dardanelles; but ere they had completed their route, they were seized by an Algerine corsair, and he, becoming the captive of a pirate, was sold as a slave. Years rolled on, and he looked forward with anxiety to the time of his freedom, but when he had regained it, so closely was he connected to the country, that he but little desired to abandon it; he had wedded a native.—I was thus, though born upon the soil, considered as an European, and was selected as one of the invincible troops. Gladly would I have foregone my pretensions to the foreign name, and considering myself a son of the soil, have carved mine own greatness. Gladly would I have resigned my own life to preserve the noble troops,—but they are gone, and this last act frustrates my long cherished hopes, and obliges me to fall back upon my hereditary land as my last resource; to France then I go to assert my right to that which I may legally claim; and should I succeed—I need not tell thee, who shall be a participator.”

“I believe it all! but we must part, for although your profession of arms has made *you* careless of danger, still I feel a gloomy foreboding that danger is nigh; smile not, you know I am not wont to speak thus,—Go! go! and seek your safety; should my father arrive, what would then your Ada suffer?”

“Your fears are too great,—your father would prove our friend.”

“Not so, Hamid; I know his thoughts; and if he styles himself your friend, it is false,—he is your enemy, your bitterest foe, and would now betray you to your death; and what would then be my fate?—Oh! Hamid, I conjure you by your love—your honour, to fly for your own safety and for mine.”

“Your happiness, Ada, has and ever shall be my care, and if my absence is necessary I will go; but your last words have sunk into my heart as its knell, and make me distrust the friendship of the most devoted. Adieu, Ada! adieu—whatever may happen I will still be true.”

“Hamid, my beloved! can you doubt my truth?—has my fear for your safety urged me to say that which is false?—Ah! then, stay—rest thee here; and should they come, I will die with thee to prove my love; I will follow thee to the dungeon, to your fate, whatever it may be; but do not doubt me.”

“I cannot,” said he, clasping her to his breast, “and would not, if the world should vouch its truth; I am hasty, but you can forgive. Ada, your words were true, and I should begone; but there is a charm which ties me here, and makes me laugh at mine own fears. I must

tear myself from thee ; or I may share the fate of my companions. You were wont to listen with pleasure to my voice, and before I go we will chaunt one last adieu."

"Not now ; time is precious ; the scouts must ere this be out, and even on your track ; be ruled—another time will do."

"Canst thou talk of another time, when this may be our last meeting. No ! I am a proscribed man, doomed to an ignominious death ; and should I escape, dare not, as I love my life, again venture within these territories : this, then, may be the last time, and canst thou refuse ?"

Ada said nought, but seating herself on the ground and burying her face in her hand, silently awaited the issue of his determination, in a kind of agony at his stay ; although it was so evident, Hamid seemed to regard it not, but sang in a clear melodious voice the following words :—

"Now we part ; our joys have fled,
Like the lightning's vivid tress ;
Brief as the lustre which they shed,
Such the term of happiness ;
And the emblems of our love,
Rest in our hearts and Heaven above.

Now we part, and the rough breeze
Comes swelling on to bear me hence ;
And as time flies, with zeal I seize
Those moments of such transient sense ;
And sigh it is my fate to roam
An exile from my loved one's home.

Now we part ; the clarion's call,
Invites me to the battled plain ;
Where heroes round their banners fall,
And live and die for England's gain ;
I go ;—but should I lay me there,
I die for thee and Britain's fair.

Now we part ; a long, long kiss—
The last, perchance ; bear witness, Heaven,
That should I wander into bliss,
Or be by tempests tossed and driven,
Or doomed, through lands unknown to rove,
E'en Turks are true to those they love."

As he finished the foregoing stanzas, and the echoes of his voice were lost in the distance, a perfect silence prevailed, which either seemed unwilling to interrupt. The moon had just risen, and was throwing her clear silvery beams towards the earth ; the scenery around them was beautiful ; the trees, natural to the burning soil, flourished here in their luxuriance, and seemed to have received fresh life from the absence of the sun. Behind them was the house of Mustapha, which appeared imbedded in the dark green foliage ; and the gilded minarets which rose at intervals, towering high in the air, added a light and beautiful fairy-like appearance to the scene, which may be looked for in vain in other climes. To the right there was a steep road which wound to the summit of a mountain, but the view of its progress was lost in the rocky pile ; and to the south, towards the city, there was likewise a

similar path. Suddenly they were aroused from their reverie by the quick and hurried sound of approaching horsemen. Ada listened but for a moment, then turning towards him, with her hands uplifted, and her pale cheeks suffused with tears, said, "Hamid, fly! fly!—they are here!—stay not a moment, or you are lost—Go! go!—if you love me, go! The youth spoke not; but imprinting a kiss on her lovely cheek, he sprang to his saddle and was quickly tracing his steps to the mountains. Nor had he time to spare; for scarcely had he turned a corner of the road which hid him from her view, than three horsemen, urging on at their utmost speed, swept past, and were rapidly following his path. Ada listened until the sounds were lost in the distance; then, with a heavy sigh and a gloomy foreboding of the future, turned her steps towards the house.

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Month after month rolled on, until two years had elapsed since they had last met; but still time passed on without bringing to her a knowledge of his existence. Oft when the sun had shrouded his burning head beneath the west, and the pale yellow moon held her dominion o'er the universe, would she stray forth, and, whilst admiring the natural beauties of the spot, think of her absent lover, who might ere now, perhaps, have sunk under his fatigue and died in a foreign land, disregarded by the world. These thoughts usually overpowered her weak frame, and she returned to her home in a faint, exhausted, and almost senseless state. Winter came, and even in this hot clime, for a time he held his frigid sway. The time of her rambling was past, and she was compelled to confine herself within her father's abode; hope had fled; and to be debarred the pleasure of strolling over the spots where they had passed their happy hours, where they had sung, talked, and parted last, was too much to endure; the bloom from her cheeks had fled, her strength was gradually decreasing, and her father, who, with a heavy heart, beheld her decline, thought, with bitterness, of his former acts, and would now have given the universe to have recalled them. But luckily for him, his attention was about this time directed from his domestic trials to the public weal; for near twelve months a fierce band of banditti had lodged themselves in the mountains of Angora, and so flagrant had their acts become, that the government had issued a proclamation for their subjection. Rumour, with her babbling tongue, had represented them as a lawless horde of miscreants, many of whom had belonged to the invincible Janizaries, and massacred all whom they caught, to revenge themselves for the death of their companions. The leader of this band was called, either from his unconquerable conduct, or his skill from keeping his troops discovered, *The Devil*; but those who had seen him, with all their love of the marvellous, could not but represent him as a bold, handsome, and courteous youth, who honoured the laws of arms and hospitality. Against him, then, was Mustapha commanded to march with a powerful troop—to return victorious, and give quarter to none.

About three days after his departure, whilst Ada was seated at her window, looking towards the spot where she had last seen her beloved, she was suddenly startled by the entry of a tall dark-featured man, clad in the costume of the late Janizaries. In the first moment of her sur-

surprise, she was about to rush towards him as her lover, but a second glance sufficed to prove her mistake; and recoiling a few steps, staggered, and fell to the ground. The intruder leaned over her, raised her in his arms, and endeavoured, in his rough manner, to restore her to animation; in a short time he succeeded; but as she opened her eyes, and found herself in such an unusual situation, she uttered a piercing shriek for help.

"Madam," said the stranger, "I pray you to be silent, or I must leave you with my errand unperformed: by the Holy Prophet! I do not mean you harm, but am come by the command of my chief, the bearer of a message to you; it is of importance,—take it, madam, and know that the meanest dependent of him who sends you that, would die to serve you."

Ada took the proffered packet, and as she involuntarily broke the seal, said, "From whom is this?—you appear to be one of those on whom the curses of the Prophet have been laid; is your commander, too, one of the proscribed."

"He is an angel to be worshipped; a true soldier who would die for a friend; a man who has been cursed in every land he has trod; him whom men call *The Devil*." As he uttered the last words, he clenched his teeth as if struggling with some mental agony, and suddenly left the apartment.

"I cannot assist him," said Ada, throwing the paper from her; "my father has gone forth, and the wretch will die."

"Not by the hand of man!" said a voice at the window; "read and judge." Ada started and looked round; but he who gave the warning had fled. It was some minutes ere she could recover her affright, and when her strayed senses had sufficiently returned, her first action was to seize the packet; she opened and read. No sooner had her eyes glanced over the paper, than she seemed struck with doubt, amazement, and consternation; she stood motionless as a statue, with her eyes intently fixed on the writing: for a moment she remained thus; her brain burned—and had she not been relieved by a sudden flow of tears, her reason might have departed for ever. Fortunately, those tears, which had so long been dried up, rolled down her pallid cheeks in rapid succession, and the fever, like a flame overpowered by water, subsided; she convulsively pressed the letter to her heart, kissed it, held it at her arm's length, and gazed eagerly upon it,—again kissed it, and again pressed it to her heart. It was the story of her lover. The words which had caused so sudden a change in the manner of the maiden ran thus:—

"Beloved of my soul,

"After a tedious, heart-rending absence of three years, I once more address you from the fulness of my heart. But my mind misgives me.—Ada, must we for ever part?—I fear your answer, when you know I am doubly cursed in the land of my birth. Say it not, for I love you still; for thee alone I live, and for thee would I die. The thoughts of your love have been my safeguard in my absence; for you have I surmounted difficulties which a legion would have shrunk from; for you I have been imprisoned, reviled, and scourged; and but for

you I should ere this have died. Wilt thou, then, banish me from your love, because the populace know me not?—You will not. It will be needless to tell you that on the night of my flight, I quickly escaped from my pursuers. I landed, after a tedious journey, on the territories of my family; but what a scene awaited me.—Ada, I will not tell thee all; it would wring your heart, even should you have forgotten me. Suffice it to say, I was cursed, even cursed on the land of my ancestors; reviled as an impostor, and finally cast into a gloomy dungeon, where I pined away a year of my existence. But I escaped; and having seen enough of Christian hospitality, I ventured at every hazard to return to my native land. At length I am once more here; and now, Ada, shall I tell you all?—I must, for I cannot deceive.—Have you heard of a man who is feared throughout the empire, who is termed a being void of principle, a villain, a murderer, and a devil.—*I am he.* But I swear by our Holy Prophet, not one of these epithets can they with justice apply. I am innocent of all.—I already know your father's mission; but for both our sakes shall he without injury be foiled. Canst thou love me now?—Reflect, and be not rash in your decision; I will give you three days, when I shall expect an answer; my happiness depends on it; but for myself I care not,—for you alone I live. Adieu, Ada, my beloved, think well of your

“ABD-UL-HAMID.”

As Ada concluded the perusal of this letter, and the first burst of passion, occasioned by such unexpected joy, had fled,—she reasoned more calmly on her future plans; her love for Hamid had increased rather than diminished during his absence, and she prayed most fervently to the Holy Prophet, to guide her in the approaching struggle between duty to her father and her long plighted troth; she wept as she thought of the unhappiness she was doomed to incur; but the more she considered it, the more fully was she convinced, that, act as she would, it was inevitable. Her life, her happiness rested upon her love. Was she not censured by her father for her misplaced affection? Was she not gradually sinking to the grave, under a gloomy despondency? The struggle was short, but poignant; her duty was great, but her love prevailed, and ere she had retired to her couch, she had determined to follow the fortunes of her lord. Alas! for Ada! too soon had she to learn that happiness reigned not paramount on earth. Happiness! what art thou?—an ideal vision—a thing to be sought for in vain. The soldier, toiling through months of continued fatigue, looks forward to its enjoyment, when, having returned to his native land, he thinks with pleasure of his hard-earned laurels, and receives the thanks of a grateful populace. But it is transient, and has fled—it enters not the breast unalloyed. Ambition, love, glory, or gain, seem all in league to subvert the celestial gift.

It was as beautiful a morning as ever shone forth upon the earth, clear and calm; the sun had risen midway between the meridian and horizon, brightly tinging the few clouds which remained, as if fixed in the heavens, with a rich purple hue. The spot where we have selected our stand, was in the province of Angora; a tall hill rose towering in the air, presenting its barren and rugged front to the dissatisfied traveller, whilst at the top, as if to tempt him on, stood an old

dilapidated castle, but which of late seemed to have undergone material repairs, and fitted up, at various points, with strong batteries of cannonades, which bespoke its being a well-armed fortress. In the valley at the south rode two horsemen, each attired in the Eastern costume; but there was a wild, roving appearance about their manners and dress, which told in pretty plain terms they were connected with those parties of banditti who infested the country. Both were mounted on steeds of symmetrical beauty, and the ease and grace with which they sat their saddles and curbed the impatient animals, showed they had been long inured to equestrian habits. But what excited the greatest attention was the peculiarity of their arms; a pair of ordinary pistols was confined at the belt, whilst a pair of greater dimensions occupied the holsters; the never-failing rifle thrown across the saddle before the rider, the heavy sabre at his side, and a long slender lance carried in his hand, and which he thrust in every direction with wonderful alacrity: the latter weapon seemed the favourite of each.—Thus doubly armed, they marched on for some time in silence, when the foremost of the two turned towards his companion, and said—

“Harran, these troops of the Sultan are likely to prove good soldiers, for they have seen service of late. I fear it will be folly in us to withstand their power; what say you? Shall we resign to their superior arms? You know the royal mandate; liberty to all, save their chief.” As he finished, he fixed a searching glance upon his companion, and seemed awaiting his answer in breathless anxiety.

“By Mohammed,” answered the other quickly, “I know not what makes you speak thus; but this I know, so long as my good steed can carry me to yonder fastness, so long will I live a free man.”

“It is a strong post,” said the other, musingly, whilst his gaze seemed intently fixed on the castle above them, as if scanning its every property.

“Such an one,” said his companion, following the direction of his eye, “as would defy their power; Abd-ul-Hamid, you are our chief, and proud am I to say, as bold a one as ever drew steel, and should know the meanest serf of your camp would die at his post, should you command him to stand; I know your spirit, as I do your motive, for your former question. You are noble and generous, but unconquerable as the wind, and sooner than surrender to the power of the Prince, you would throw yourself from yon dizzy height. Is it not so?”

“You are right, Harran; never, whilst I can command my own fate, will I be a prisoner to the Turkish Sultan. Heaven knows, how unwilling was I to adopt my present course of life; but I was driven to it by the actions of the world; I was constrained to become a robber because men would not let me live as others. I take from none but those who can spare it, and who are my implacable foes; and I am for this condemned, cursed, and reviled as a devil; but I can bear it all, for I care not for the censures of the world. What say *you*, Harran?” said he, with startling energy, suddenly reining up his horse beside his companion—“treachery may defy even a vigilant watch in those towers.”

“Treachery!” exclaimed the other in unfeigned astonishment; “wilt thou infer ——”

"That you are my friend," said Hamid, laying his hands upon the reins and stopping their further progress. "Canst thou recollect my last orders to the troop?"

"I can; to remain within the walls, silent and vigilant, until your return."

"'Tis well; I had almost feared I was myself the blunderer; what think you, then, of the red patch which appears almost hid behind yonder shelving rock?—Is it some stray signal from the tower?" Harran gazed at the point directed, long and steadfastly, then suddenly—"By Heaven, it moves! it is a man! and clapping the spurs into the flanks of his steed, he was quickly on his path to the unknown. The man, seeing he was perceived, came from his lurking place, and warily scanning the advancing horsemen, descended to the plain to meet them. "The fellow has impudence," said Harran, "to face us thus; but he is the first, and it is my care he shall be the last traitor within these walls;" as he spoke, he slowly raised his rifle to his shoulder, and took his accustomed deadly aim. Nor had Hamid been idle in the while, but spurring on to a nearer view of the stranger, he immediately perceived he was their scout, who had acted under his private orders. "Down with your piece," he cried to Harran, in a hurried though firm voice; "all is right, the fellow is our own spy."

"Then why not show his white cap?" said the other moodily, slowly and reluctantly lowering his gun; "he deserves a shot for his negligence."

"Fire at your peril! he is acting under *my* orders; to your post, sir—I would speak with him alone." The command was given in a tone which he feared to disobey, and replacing his rifle on the saddle, he spurred on and was soon lost to the view. Hamid followed the figure of the retreating horseman with his eye until he was hid in the thicket; then beckoned to the other to advance; the motion was quickly obeyed, and the stranger was soon by the side of his commander.

"You have been speedy in your mission, good Kamak, and I need not ask if it has been truly performed. You saw the lady—couldst judge of her determination?"

"Unfavourable, I fear, my lord."

"Unfavourable! you must err—what said she?"

"That her father would punish you as you deserved; that you were a wretch, condemned by man and Mohammed."

A deep frown loured over the brow of Hamid as he said—"Said she so?—then am I lost; the last tie which binds me to the earth has gone; and I am free to work my own fate. By my soul, they shall know that a man foiled at every point can prove a wary foe.—Sirrah! sayest thou true? Beware! if I find you false I will punish you to your death—speak!"

"I tell you what I heard," said Kamak, "if more, may I die!"

"I will judge for myself," cried Hamid; and ere his companion had raised his eyes from the ground, his chief had fled; he stood a moment in a thoughtful attitude, and then retraced his steps to the mountains.

Dark and gloomy were the thoughts of the chief as he urged his

noble steed over hill and dale at his utmost speed. For two hours he continued thus rapidly advancing, whilst he maintained a moody silence, seemingly regardless of all around him. The heat of the sun was excessive, and his horse was gradually slackening in his speed; as they mounted to the summit of a rising ground, the rider stopped and took a cautious glance around him; as his eyes wandered round the horizon they rested upon a troop of military, who had encamped on the plain before him; for awhile he took a long, steadfast, and eager gaze—then, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, he muttered lowly to himself, and drawing forth a flag of pure white, he opened it to the breeze. The signal remained for a moment unanswered—another, and another—but still no corresponding colours were returned, and Hamid was about to lower his own in despair of success, when a pure white field from the tent of the agar rose gracefully in the air; no sooner had it caught his eye, than, fearless of danger, he dashed forward, and soon found himself alone in the centre of his foes. “Bring me to your chief,” said he, addressing one who appeared superior to the others,—“I must speak with him alone.” His voice commanded even respect from his enemies; and, dismounting, he followed his guide to the tent of the agar—when the door was opened, and he paced into the centre of the enclosure, he beheld Mustapha reclining on a couch at the other extremity; he was alone and surrounded by his weapons. “I am come,” said Hamid, “to inquire from you my fate,—whether am I to live and die an exile, with the curses of the Prophet upon me, or shall I again find peace in the land of my birth?—I ask you, Mustapha, as the friend of my youth,—as the father of her I love.”

“Who art thou?” cried the noble, springing from his lair: “you came with a flag of truce, and I concluded you were one of the banditti.”

“I am Abd-ul-Hamid, a proscribed man, for I know not what; I loved my Sultan, my country, and my troop, and for that I was to die: but will the same judgment be mine now I hate them all? Mustapha, you are powerful, reverse my fate, and I will ever be to you true and faithful,—refuse, and mine shall be the vengeance of a disappointed man.”

“Abd-ul-Hamid,” said Mustapha, advancing, “I would aid you, but the Sultan is firm in his resolves, and you already know his fatal decree. However, it may yet be done; years have rolled on since the affair, and you must have adopted some manner of living; what art thou now?”

“What I ever was, a doomed man, but now doubly doomed, both by the people and the laws; I am he whom men call The Devil.”

As he uttered the last words, Mustapha started in evident amazement, and recoiling a few steps, drew his sword from its sheath, and stood as if expecting an attack. Hamid marked his ungrounded suspicion, and continued in a tone of bitter irony,—“Yet though I am thus censured, nay, cursed by mankind, still am I possessed of a spirit which would scorn a base act; do you think I am a murderer, my lord, that you stand thus on your defence? Shame to your suspicion; *you* should have known enough of my character to have saved you this.”

“Your character,” said Mustapha, recovering his self-possession,

"has been so often sounded throughout the empire, that the meanest serf dreads the name, and shrinks from your villany."

"I know it all," said he thoughtfully, "but the purest characters may be tainted by calumny. Mustapha, it is in your power to reclaim one, who otherwise may be for ever lost; none but yourself know who I am,—to them I might be friend or foe; what say you? will you do what is in your power?"

"Will you ask me to betray my trust—to prove a traitor to my sovereign? No, Abd-ul-Hamid, my commands are strict, and must be obeyed; you are my prisoner, and will do well to surrender at discretion."

"Mustapha," he replied proudly, "when I was a Janizary and fought for my country, to surrender was my farthest thought. I was taught from a boy to conquer or die; and do you think that now, when my liberty or life is at stake, I would pursue another course? No, what I would have done for my Sultan, I now perform for myself,—and I surrender only as a corpse."

"We will try—your sword, sir; or I call those who will assist in your capture."

Hamid seized a pistol from his belt, and presenting it to the head of his opponent, said, "If you move or utter but one word, my lord, which may command assistance, I fire! Now then we are on equal terms, and I ask you again, will you aid in my pardon? Consider, I do not act thus to affright you to a compliance to my wishes, but in mine own defence; be candid in what you say, for if I discover in you one spark of treachery, you die. Now, your answer."

"You had it in my former words, and you should know I am not one to swerve from my oath."

Hamid mused a moment and then said, "I have cast my last die and have lost; 'tis well, I must now earn the name I have got; Mustapha, answer me one question, ere we part, perhaps for ever,—your daughter—"

"Ask me not of her," was the answer he received; "Alla be praised, *she* is safe." A smile passed over the handsome features of Abd-ul-Hamid, as he received the equivocal answer, and augured a happier issue to his plans than he before thought. "Adieu, Mustapha," said he, turning to go, "but before I leave, you shall see I was not a murderer who sought your life:" as he spoke he discharged his pistol, holding his hand about a yard from the muzzle. As the smoke cleared off, the noble looked up and beheld his enemy uninjured—"the weapon was charged with powder only; but think not, Mustapha, the others are so—they are ready for more deadly use. Adieu!"—and in a moment he was gone.

The troops had been aroused by the noise of the pistol in the tent of their commander, and not seeing him come forth with the stranger, they concluded he had died by his hand; and seeing the unknown hastily remount his steed, they all, as if actuated by one common feeling, rushed forward to his seizure. Hamid saw the peril of his situation, and raising himself in his stirrups demanded the cause of the uproar.

"Seize him!" cried a commanding voice from the rear, "seize him, and he who brings him to the ground, shall receive the reward." Hamid

looked round, and beheld the speaker was Mustapha. Rage and indignation at his baseness seemed suddenly to inspire him with the courage of a madman, and discharging his pistols at those who held the reins, he clapped the spurs into the flank of his tried steed, and urged on the noble animal towards the hill; luckily for him the royal troops had considered themselves in a state of security, and were none of them prepared for pursuit, so that when they had discharged their weapons, their chance of capture was over. "He is gone," muttered Mustapha, as he followed with his eyes, his fine form hastily retreating from his sight: "Fools! why were ye all from your guard? prepare ye now, and speedily—he will be upon my house ere the sun has waned, but I will foil him there." The soldiers obeyed the command rapidly, but in silence; and in a few minutes, Mustapha, at the head of a small troop of horse, was on the road to his estate: when he arrived at his mansion, his first inquiry was for his daughter, and finding she was alone, he proceeded to the apartment where she stayed. The surprise and grief of Ada may be imagined, when she perceived her father enter, for although she tenderly loved him, she wished not to have her plans thwarted.

"Ada," said he, throwing himself upon a couch, "you must prepare for your departure; the banditti are abroad, and this is not a safe spot in which you can remain alone."

The beauteous girl almost fainted as she heard her father's commands, but summoning her courage, she endeavoured to remonstrate against such a sudden movement. "But, father," said she, "we are perfectly safe; the men will not dare to approach so near the capital, and this spot is such a favourite of mine, you will not debar me the pleasure of its enjoyment."

"I will debar you nothing, Ada, but what is for your own happiness. I know from certain evidence the fellows are abroad,—and for your own safety you must go." This, which was said in a positive tone, convinced the maiden she must obey, and with a heavy heart she commenced the necessary preparation. In three hours after Ada had been conveyed to the city, and the chief and his followers had returned to their encampment.

The third day had arrived, and Abd-ul-Hamid, alone, set forth to learn the issue of the determination of one who held his fate in her power. The sun had just risen as he emerged from the hills, and stood before the late residence of her he loved; slowly and cautiously he approached it, and as he stood at the entrance, he looked round to see that no one was within sight, and then gave a loud knock; the blood thrilled through his veins, as the sound was reverberated through the house, but no one answered to the summons: his heart misgave him, but he tried again—the same silence prevailed—another and another, even louder than before—but it remained still unbroken. "She is gone," said he, seating himself at the threshold, and burying his face in his hands; "Kamak, it was true!—she is false!—she has discarded me for another. Alas, Ada! where is your plighted troth; your love? But she is mine," said he, springing to his feet, "she is my bride, and not the world shall take her from me! I am discarded by the world, by her I love! my last, my dearest hope has gone, and

now shall they know their own fate!" As he spoke, he collected a quantity of sticks and dried leaves which lay strewed around him, and placing them at an angle of the house, which was composed chiefly of wood, set them on fire; the combustible material of which the mansion was formed was soon caught by the devouring element, and in a few minutes, the favourite residence of the noble was enveloped in flames; a bright red glare was shed around, which vied in splendour with the rising sun; and as the timbers crackled and refused their support, the roof fell, and the gilded minarets which had so lately towered to the clouds, were now level with the dust. As Abd-ul-Hamid mounted his horse, and looked upon the devastation he had occasioned, he wielded his lance above his head, gave vent to his feelings in a mad-like shriek, and spurring his steed, was soon lost amongst the hills.

It was about this time, that Harran, with a party of their troop, descended to the plain to reconnoitre; by some unguarded movement he had proceeded too far, and when he least expected it, found himself hotly pressed by a strong fire from a party of the enemy. "To cover!" said he, gazing around him, "to cover, my good fellows! give no quarter, but make good your retreat; I wish to heaven that Hamid were here to share in our glory." As they turned to retire, they found themselves surrounded on every side by their foes; Harran saw the danger of his situation, and with the coolness of one accustomed to such, collected his followers, and drew up in a square, presenting at every point of attack a strong line of lances, strongly resembling our own *chevaux de frise*, behind each, two rows of spears, and supported by them from a charge, were the musqueteers ready to return the fire of the enemy. Often did Mustapha, with a chosen few, rush on to the attack, and endeavour to break the line of the enemy, but as often was he repulsed by the loss of some of his best troops; thus they continued for two hours, the bandits still firm at their post, although their numbers had been materially diminished: when Mustapha, tired of the frequent endeavours to break their line, drew off, as if to refresh his men, but actually to draw the rebels from their post. Harran would at this moment have given his life for the return of Hamid, but this was time for action, and not for vain regret, and he conceived it most necessary to get the troops from their exposed situation; with this feeling, and considering the enemy off their guard, he rushed forward, and commanded all who loved their lives, to follow him. "Ay! ay!" muttered Kamak, although it is to death." Mustapha desired no more; his men had been on the alert ready for their charge, and as they advanced in a disordered state, they were received upon the spears of an enemy five times their number. The slaughter was merciless, not one of the brave fellows escaped, but all fell fighting to the last gasp; as Mustapha looked upon the dead, and was certain of the victory, he drew off his men, who encamped themselves at the other extremity of the plain. Thus, for the want of their leader, was a brave troop utterly destroyed.

The fight had hardly concluded, when Hamid, breathless, pale, and in haste, appeared upon the plain; as he sprung from his horse, he looked round upon his oft tried troops, but they lay before him breathless—dead. "I feared this," said he, pacing amongst the corpses;—

"I feared it; and it has come to pass! Oh! Alla! Oh! Mohammed! my prophet, must I die? am I thus banished from mankind, without one being who will be my companion in the world?—Oh! my brain! my brain!" said he, pressing his forehead with his clenched fist, "it will burst!—Ah! ah!" said he, in an hysterical laugh—"I must go—it is my fate; but I must die brave—yes! the Devil must die brave! and springing to his saddle, he rushed forward with his lance in its rest;—his words—his actions bespoke that he was mad. Mustapha had not dismounted, and was still in advance of his troop, and perceiving a stranger advancing with apparent hostile intentions, placed also his lance in its rest, and seemed prepared for an encounter. On came Hamid with the velocity of the wind, to die by the hands of the enemy, but not to die unrevenged; and seeing one willing to oppose his path he raised himself in his stirrups, and thrust forward the weapon with a deadly aim; the chief reeled, relaxed his hold, and without a groan fell lifeless to the ground. He was brave, and his manly spirit scorned to show fear even in death. Hamid raised a yell—a mad and deafening yell at his victory, and dashed into the centre of the troops; many fell by his hand, but their numbers were too numerous for success—and he was driven there by the world a madman, and to die. He might have escaped, but he did not desire it. At last a ball passed through his temples, and brought him to that fate which he so earnestly sought. He lived and died brave even to madness, which terminated his existence.

The following day, two corpses were borne into a large mansion in the capital, attended by a numerous body of servants. As the pall was removed to expose their faces to the public view, a female, who was present, swooned in the arms of her attendants; restoratives were applied, but without avail, for life had fled. It was Ada, who, on seeing the body of her father and lover, could not survive the shock. They now remain buried in one vault in the suburbs of the city, and thus, by the hasty prejudice of one, did they all fall. Love not hastily, nor misplace your affections; it is a gem which when once pledged can never be redeemed, without unhappiness to both; and for that shall we have to answer at a future day. It is given to us to use, but not to abuse.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

THE extensive alterations and improvements which have been made in our criminal code within the last ten or twelve years, have created a necessity for new modes of regulating the economy of our gaols, both as regards their construction and internal management. But previous to our going into a detail of the changes that have taken place in other countries, and of those that are proposed to be made here in these matters, it may be as well to inform such of our readers as may not have been acquainted with the facts, that until about the period above specified, the criminal laws of Great Britain were the most cruel, sanguinary, and immoral in their nature, and the least capable of repressing crimes against life and property, of any code of laws in

Europe. The estimable and highly-gifted Sir Samuel Romilly in the course of his public exertions, brought the subject before Parliament, and exposed its deformities, but in vain as to any real improvement, although some trifling changes were made, more, as it would appear, for the purpose of allaying the indignant feelings that began to be expressed by the British public, than with any sincere desire of reformation. But at length "The Society for Diffusing Information upon Capital Punishments" was formed. This association was composed of several leading members of both houses of Parliament. Professional gentlemen of high character, bankers, merchants, and opulent tradesmen—all these classes spontaneously came forward, being convinced that it was their duty to use every constitutional means to rid the nation of its monstrous criminal code. Aided by the public press,* which gave its powerful aid in this great movement, the Association commenced its operations upon a very extensive scale; its ramifications were established in all the cities and principal towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland; and these communicating promptly with the great society in the capital, brought forward masses of evidence, and expressions of public opinion founded upon them, that no government, of whatever party, found they could safely resist. This rational "pressure from without" being now under the control of an intelligent and well-organized association, soon showed the irresistible influence of the public voice, when directed by reason in its demands for justice. The consequence of these great movements resulted in the gradual displacement of above seventy statutes of blood, by which thousands of British subjects, men, women, and children, had been doomed to die on the public gallows, for offences merely against property. In place of those statutes others have been enacted, whereby the lives of the convicted felons in such cases are no longer subjected to the executioner for the amusement of the common rabble; but instead of this revolting exhibition, punishments *severe* in their nature, and *certain* in their operation, have been provided. These have been found infinitely more effective for the repression of the criminal offences to which they are applied, than the savage inflictions to which they have justly succeeded.

This legal revolution, which was not only bloodless, but fraught with justice and mercy, having been so far achieved, it naturally led the way to great changes in our prison regulations; in order that those melancholy abodes of vice and crime might be made efficient in carrying forward the objects of the new penal code.

For this purpose it became necessary to change our entire system of criminal imprisonment; and even the designation of the old system has been altered to "Prison Discipline" and "The Penitentiary System."

It is of these new modes of managing convicts, that we wish to give our readers a correct outline; and this duty to the public we find the more pressing, on account of the great ignorance, and the consequent uncertainty which prevail in the public mind on this very important subject, and still more, because some interested and ignorant persons

* In this great struggle the *Morning Herald* was conspicuous.

have either inadvertently, or through design, endeavoured to excite an alarm in the public mind, and create a prejudice against these changes and improvement. These attacks, however, have not produced any effect upon the determination of the executive government to carry those modes into active operation.

We do not pretend that Britain can lay claim to any originality in these prison reforms, for America, and even France, were engaged in them before we were, particularly the former country, in which the idea of reforming the prisons commenced in 1786, when the punishment of death, mutilation, and flogging, were successively abolished in many of the States, and mitigated generally; and in place of them, solitary confinement in a cell night and day was inflicted on those who were capitally convicted. The system of *classifying* the prisoners was now first attempted; but this classification was soon abandoned, from experience of its demoralizing effects, and a solitary cell was allotted to each malefactor; the criminal could not quit his cell night or day, and he was interdicted from all employment in that state. This perfect isolation was made the basis of the system at Pittsburgh and Cherry Hill. But this rigorous system was found to be too great a trial for the strength of man. Absolute solitude and idleness, do not reform but, destroy the unhappy convict. Forty-five felons on whom the experiment was tried, fell into a state of despair, so evident, that their lives appeared in great danger; five of them had sunk under it in the first year, two more of them, had become insane, and their moral state was not less distressing. From that time, 1823, the system of perfect *solitude without labour* entirely ceased at Auburn; for it was found that this system, so destructive to the health of the criminals, had no power to reform their general habits, or moral condition; for of twenty-six of these convicts to whom pardon had been extended, fourteen had been sent back to the prison for new offences.

The directors of this prison now having obtained practical proofs of the fallacy of this new mode of punishment, changed their plan, and determined on confining the prisoners in solitude during the night only, and making them work in companies in the day, in the common workshops, but under a strict rule of absolute silence, thus avoiding the disasters of complete solitude, without giving up its advantages,—one of which is, that it gives criminals the power of reflecting, which in numerous cases would create a very beneficial influence on their minds.

In 1824, this method of discipline was in full force at Auburn. It was highly approved by commissioners appointed to examine its capabilities, and it was sanctioned by legislative approbation on the same plan. The prison of Ling Sing for the other division of the State, was ordered to be created in 1725; and since then, others at Wethersfield in Connecticut; Boston, in Massachusetts; Baltimore, in Maryland, &c.

The other system of prison discipline in the United States, is in operation at Cherry Hill, for the State of Pennsylvania, and it is essentially different in its constitutional character from that of Auburn, and those conducted on the same principle. Yet these two systems, although differing in some very material points, still have a principle

in common, without which it does seem, that it would be impossible to establish any good penitentiary system—we mean that of keeping the prisoners *apart* and *silent*. For it has been justly remarked by all who have observed the scenes in our prisons, that the free communication allowed amongst the prisoners, renders their moral reform quite impossible, and in fact, becomes with them, the cause of a more frightful state of depravity; and so just are those observations, that they have become proverbially true. Consequently, there cannot exist a good system of penitentiary discipline, without a complete separation of the convicts: no sort of classification will suffice to check, in the slightest degree, the progress of immorality amongst the prisoners, for however different in guilt, there does exist a fatal influence amongst associations of bad people; it is not those least culpable that have any influence, but it is the most depraved felons who take the lead, and gain a destructive ascendancy.

Separation, therefore, has the two-fold power, of preventing the wicked from debasing others, whilst it is conducive more or less to their own reformation. Thrown into solitude, the criminal begins to reflect; alone, with his crimes staring him in the face, he soon feels a loathing of them; and if his soul be not yet seared with evil, it is in solitude that he will be assailed by remorse;—to be quite isolated from every living creature is a dreadful infliction, but under proper regulations it is the proper meed of the criminal. Mr. Livingstone, and other able writers, have justly observed, that “A prison, as a place of confinement, would cease to produce any beneficial effects, if its inmates were allowed to amuse themselves at their pleasure, with the same relationships of society, which they found agreeable before they were imprisoned.” On the other hand, the felon, whatever his crime may be, ought not to be deprived of that life which society has spared; but such would be the result of total solitude, if proper occupation did not intervene to alleviate its rigour. For this reason, labour should be introduced into prisons. This practice, far from being an aggravation of the convicts’ sufferings, would be to them a real benefit, not only in a physical, but moral point of view; for it was, probably, *idleness* that led them into crime; yet now by labour they must contribute to the expenses of their prison, and may learn to live honestly and with credit, should they get back into the world. We shall now describe the two rival systems.

The system of prison discipline at Cherry Hill, for the State of Pennsylvania, is that of *total seclusion, with labour*; by its regulations, each prisoner is completely isolated in his cell *night and day*. The authorities of this State have arrived at the conclusion, that the absolute separation of the prisoners can alone save them from reciprocal moral infection; they have therefore adopted that plan in all its rigour. The convict, once thrown into his cell, remains shut up in it until the termination of his sentence, either by time or eternity; he is completely cut off from all intercourse with his fellow-prisoners; and this place, filled with malefactors like himself, does not afford him the chance of an associate, and so far saves the unhappy convict from every species of contagion. During the tedious hours of solitude, when unrelieved by occupation, the human being, abandoned to his

own thoughts, would become a prey to remorse, and the terrors of a guilt-stained imagination. What is it that saves him? *Labour*. It fills his solitary abode with that which greatly relieves and interests him—it gives a wholesome fatigue to the body, and some degree of repose to the soul. It is also very remarkable that those persons, the greater part of whom have been seduced into criminal acts from the love of idleness and animal gratifications, are compelled by the torments of absolute solitude, to experience in labour their greatest relief; in their terror of being kept idle they learn to hate the primary cause of their misfortunes; and employment being a consolation to them, they learn to esteem it, and also, because it is the only means by which they may in future be enabled to gain an honest livelihood.

The rival system to this (Auburn, State of New York) is also worthy of the most serious attention; in that prison, as well as in those constructed on its model, the convicts are not shut up, *except during the night*, in their solitary cells: all day they work together in the workshops, and as they are compelled to observe a rigorous silence, they are, although physically congregated, in a state of complete verbal isolation; *working together in silence* is, therefore, the characteristic difference that exists between the Auburn and Philadelphia systems; each has its partisans, and each of these give very plausible reasons for maintaining their side of the question. On the one hand, absolute seclusion in a cell (the system of Pennsylvania) is an irresistible power which completely tames the solitary prisoner without a struggle, and thus deprives his submission of any great moral influence. Shut into his narrow enclosure, he cannot be said to have any discipline to observe; if he speak not, it is because he is compelled to be silent; he works to escape the misery and lassitude that would otherwise overwhelm him; and it may be said, that he is less obedient to the established rules, than to the physical impossibility of breaking through them.

At Auburn, on the contrary, labour, instead of being a source of consolation to prisoners, is a painful weight, which they would most willingly shake off; whilst observing silence, they are constantly under the temptation of violating the law for its strict observance—still, as they dislike it, they have some merit in their obedience.

Thus the Auburn regulations give to the convicts habits of sociality, which are not to be found in that of its rival at Cherry Hill; and the arrangement of the plan is so good at Auburn, that it affords the greatest facilities for discovering any infringement of the discipline. Each of the workshops is surrounded by a gallery, from whence every movement of the criminals can be observed, without the latter being able to see the spectator.

We shall close this article by giving a remarkable fact, which affords strong evidence of the powerful action of the “silent system” over the most desperate felons.

At Sing-Sing prison (New York), on the model of Auburn, many of the convicts are employed in working the marble quarries which are situated at some distance from the prison; yet is the discipline so well managed, that hundreds of convicts work in these open fields under the guardianship of ten keepers to every three hundred felons,

who are under no chains or mechanical restraint whatever. It is very evident that the lives of the keepers would be at the mercy of the prisoners if the physical force of the latter could be brought into action : but the moral power is wanting. If it be asked, why are three hundred convicts in a body less powerful than ten keepers ? the reply is, that the latter communicate freely with each other, act in concert, and have all the power of association ; whilst the others, from the effects of silence, feel, in spite of their numerical force, all the weakness of solitary individuals. But supposing for a moment that such a body of coerced men had the least facility of verbal communication, then this order would be reversed ; the re-combining of their knowledge, when extended by speech, would teach them the secret of their power, and the first infraction of the law of silence would totally destroy the discipline.

Such are the modes of prison discipline now in practical operation in the older States of North America, and, from the experience of nearly twenty years, the best hopes have been formed as to the objects contemplated. In this country and France, model penitentiaries are nearly completed, to commence a trial of similar disciplinary means to the criminals of these two countries, in unison with the abolition of the punishment of death, which has nearly been achieved in most states of Europe. But the criminal class in each country are bitterly opposed to the introduction of the silent and solitary systems, and thus circulate the grossest falsehoods concerning them, even occasionally in the public press.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORES OF THE CALM WINDERMERE.

1.

FAR away, far away, o'er the mountain and dell,
Where the white snows of winter are icy and cold—
Where the wild fox below, and the vulture above,
Look down from the high cliff so dizzy and old—
Where the flowers of the summer are wither'd and gone,
And the green mountain moss clings alone to the ground,—
Till ye come to a valley as lovely and lone
As the bright shining stars that are blinking around,
And the sweet voice of waters come full on the ear
From the beautiful shores of the calm Windermere.

2.

Oh Mary, dear Mary ! the thought of that meeting
Comes over me now like a dream of the past ;

And you'll deem it not strange that these sorrowful tears
 Trickle down o'er my bosom so scalding and fast.
 When you think of the laddie that loves you so deeply,
 How ye clung round his neck, and in whisperings half spoken,
 Said, "Keep in remembrance of Mary this gold ring ;
 Her heart you should have—but her heart it is broken."
 And I wiped from thine eyelid the hot gushing tear,
 By the beautiful shores of the calm Windermere.

3.

And we walk'd by the side of those lullaby waters,
 The broad lake before us so rosy and still ;
 Not a murmur awaken'd the silence so holy,
 Save the song of the nightingale over the hill ;
 And ye look'd down so fondly, and told me so sweetly
 That the softness around thee sank deep in thine heart—
 That the dark hour was coming to sever asunder
 The two loving bosoms that death should not part ;
 And we parted so often—still, still, clinging near
 To the beautiful shores of the calm Windermere.

4.

Farewell to thy rocks, and thy mountains so cloudy !
 Farewell to thy musical water and shore !
 Farewell to the smile, and the blue eye's adoring !
 Mine own shall behold you in rapture no more ;
 The cold hand of death presses heavily on me—
 The warm blood of life from my body has gone—
 The light of these dim eyes are fast, fastly fading—
 Oh, when will the slumbers of darkness come on !
 Yet the last lingering name shall be thine, Mary dear,
 And the beautiful shores of the calm Windermere.

THOS. HERVY GLAMORGAN.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER DEE,
 NEAR CORWEN, NORTH WALES.

FIELDS of my childhood ! thrice beloved scenes !
 How many a lingering, many a tearful year—
 How many thoughts, hopes promising, and dreams,
 Have seared, since I was here.

I come, as comes a weak and sickly child
Back to the fondling of a mother's arms—
Back to a region, beautiful and wild
In God's and Nature's charms.

False hearts, false words, and falser friendliness—
The curling lip—the contumely and sneer—
Love's tortured sigh—the anguish endlessness—
The curse and harlot leer,

Are things unknown to thee, and dire and strange,—
Sweet fountain, river, spring—whate'er thy name—
Thy waters rise and fall, and flow and change,
Yet ever are the same.

Why did I e'er forsake thy tranquil waters,
In search of softer, or a happier shore?
Why turn'd my countenance from thy fair daughters
In quest of earthlier love?

'Twas the deluded hope, the scornful pride,
Of being bright as Heaven, or dark as Hell;
But I have suffered—and let none deride
The woes they cannot tell.

High aspirations, blighted, blasted, riven—
Renown turn'd madness—high illustrious deeds,—
These were the young seed sown—how have they thriven,
Behold the weeds!

But I have brought more than I took away,—
The knowledge of the mysteries of our kind,—
My soul hath learnt the darkness from the day
Of man, and of mankind.

The colder wisdom of the populous earth
Hath pall'd the unextinguishable fire,
Which glared within me from my very birth.
I cannot now aspire.

Oh for the days of childhood back again!
Oh for the infant sleeping, calm, and blest!
Oh for the power of Jesus to reclaim
Once more the infant's breast.

Fruitless lament—behold before thine eyes,
The glory, and the beauty, all which shrouds
Earth commingling with the starlight skies,
And moonlight clouds above.

There is within the midnight heavens a power,
Deep and eternal, above death and time ;
Feelings and thoughts have birth within that hour,
Which make our dust divine.

The aspen bough right melancholy stooping
Above the fretful billows and the caves,
The willow in autumnal greenness drooping
Within the rippling waves.

The silent, lonely, and the echoless tread—
The ebon gloom—the stillness of the cloud
That lours above the living and the dead,
Alone or in the crowd :

The shadows of the vast and mountainous hills,
The stir and whisper of the pathless wood,
The voices, and the sound of Alpine rills,
Are languages understood.

Oh, rocks and vales, romantic and serene !
Oh, gently-rolling, pure, and pastoral river !
Here could I lay me down along thy stream,
And weep and weep for ever !

Yet why?—thou art too beautiful for tears—
Too much is thine, sweet stream, of love and grace ;
Heaven has redeem'd thee from the curse of years
Which blight the human race.

The cadence of thy waters, clear and cool,
Proclaim how happy, how adored thou art,
Stream of the doting visionary soul—
Stream of the poet's heart !

Let him whose life was poison'd at its source—
Let him whose mind is ulcer'd to its core,—
Come here—the only one resource
For anguish long and sore !

Oh, long upon thy overflowing banks
Be seen the rustic maid, the fair, the young,
With prattling lips weave on their merry pranks
Where first they sprung!

Fairest of many waters, Cambrian Dee—
Rocks, mountains, valleys, green herbs, leaves, and heather—
Mine eyes are fill'd with tears—I cannot see—
But breathe farewell for ever!

THOS. H. GLAMORGAN.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

“As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills Reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.”

Landlord and Tenant: A Comprehensive and Popular View of the Laws of Landlord, Tenant, and Lodger. By JOHN PATER, Attorney-at-law.
London: Stevens and Norton; Sherwood and Co.

THIS work on the laws of landlord and tenant is written in the form of question and answer; to each of which the legal authorities are given. It aims, however, principally at giving a knowledge of the more general cases that occur in common life on the subject of landlord and tenant. It has not the fault of being voluminous; nor is it burdened with law technicalities. It is also supplied with a very useful appendage—a *copious Index*,—which renders the work still more agreeable. It may be considered a good manual for general use, from which even the professed lawyer may glean something to refresh his memory, and confirm his practice.

WILME'S Hand Book of Mapping and Engineering Drawing.

We have been favoured with a sight of the first number of “Wilme's Hand Book for Mapping and Engineering Drawing.” We consider it a book much wanted in the profession, and invaluable to draughtsmen generally. We recommend the use of it in engineering schools and colleges. The plates are got up in the best manner, and for taste and originality we think every praise is due to the author.

The Visitor's Guide to the Sights of London, including the National Exhibitions. London: Strange. 1841.

Is in every respect satisfactory.

The Visitor's Guide to the Watering Places. London: Strange. 1841.

Amplly answers its purpose.

THE GREEN ROOM.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE brief season for which it was possible to engage this Theatre in order to try whether the British public would accept a Drama of the purest kind, performed without the meretricious aid of spectacle, or the broad stage effects of the mere playwright's craft, expired on Saturday evening, 25th of September. The success of the experiment, which has been stamped for several weeks with distinguished approbation, has, we are happy to say, answered the question in the affirmative. It was common with managers, when applied to on behalf of plays which showed some touch of noble daring, to object that "they were too good for the present state of popular taste." The Council of the Dramatic Authors' Theatre dared to disbelieve this libel on the public mind; and appreciating better the understanding of a British audience, ventured, according to the principles of a nobler creed, and in despite of all the disadvantages attached to an untried position, to produce the Tragedy of *Martinuzzi*. As soon as arrangements can be made for engaging a theatre regularly, the plan of management, of which the crude first-fruits only have been now shown, will, it is trusted, be carried out to those mature results, which will at once prove that dramatic genius and taste for its appreciation abundantly exist among the people of England.

Mr. Stephens issued the following as his "Closing Address to the Public," on Saturday, the 25th of September, 1841.

"The English Opera House, unfortunately for the interests of the legitimate Drama, having been only to be obtained from the 26th of August to the 25th of September, the season of the present management closes with the performances of this evening.

"It is believed that this season, however unavoidably brief, will be memorable as the advent of a new era in Dramatic history—as the precursor of the repeal of that absurd specimen of legislation, which compelled the Licensor at the Lord Chamberlain's Office to refuse permission to act *Martinuzzi*, at the English Opera House, as a Tragedy, in Five Acts; but granted it when divided into *three* and *graced* by songs, which burdened the subject, and whereby the Dramatist is precluded from bringing out a high tragic or comic production at any but those three or two favoured establishments, which can rarely afford to an unfriended author an opening: there being no correlative law to check the *penchant* of those establishments for gorgeous revivals, five-act farces, and meretricious spectacles.

"The Tragedy of *Martinuzzi* having proved completely successful, in the teeth (as it has been discovered) of an interested and organized opposition,—despite of certain untoward circumstances, perhaps inseparable from the commencement of a new undertaking, which needed more time for preparation than was possible to obtain for it, and the piece having been since played for seven and twenty consecutive nights, to crowded, intellectual, and applauding audiences, the monopoly of the higher class of Drama by three privileged theatres should now be regarded as virtually destroyed. Indeed, the satisfaction

of the author of *Martinuzzi* would be materially impaired, could he possibly suppose that the vantage ground which he has achieved at no small personal hazard for his brother Dramatists and the theatrical profession, would be left by them unrecognized and unimproved.

"It was not from any overweening estimate of his own production—it was no personal point of vanity—still less was it any pecuniary consideration—that made him cast his humble reputation on the present die. He judged that at this juncture, the necessity, the interest of the Dramatic Poet and the English Stage required the unacted Dramatists to take up some such independent position as that which (finding no other party prepared to enter the breach,) he has assumed, with the sole aim of enlarging the arena. It is hoped that the case sought to be established on the 26th of August, has been determined affirmatively by the impartial verdict of twenty-seven successive audiences.

"Since no manager, of whatever length of experience, has ever yet shown that he could certainly predict the effect of a new performance before it was tested on the stage, but has continually proved the contrary by repeated failures, it is respectfully submitted that there is no means of obtaining even-handed justice but by a public trial.

"Convinced of this fact, cheered by the cordial and ample support so generously afforded, and profiting by the practical experience he has acquired in the present successful venture, the author of *Martinuzzi* is fully determined to follow up his own example—to resort henceforward, whenever compelled by circumstances, not, as heretofore, to the printing his poem or play, not to publication, but to a direct appeal, as in this his first experiment, to the stage itself.

"For the noble encouragement he has received from various quarters, which has decided him, if he shall find it necessary, to carry out his reform on some future occasion, he begs to express his grateful acknowledgments. Under any circumstances, the handsome reception given by the public to each representation of his Tragedy, will ever remain his pride and consolation."

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

On that same important evening, a Comedy by MARK LEMON, entitled, "*What will the World Say?*" was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, and was not unsuccessful. We have been always inclined to think and speak well of the present management, from its unostentatious sincerity. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, whatever may have been their short comings, have never pretended to more than they have performed; we may, indeed, safely say, that they have not yet received all the credit to which they are entitled. It was to Madame Vestris, when swaying the sceptre of the Olympic, that the spectacle-loving public are originally indebted for that superior mode of getting up theatrical pieces, which Mr. Macready adopted during his management at Covent Garden Theatre. In this, the succeeding management have far surpassed him. The *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the elegance and appropriateness of its decorations, exceeds *The*

Tempest. Besides, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews diffuse their care impartially over all the business of the theatre. Their attention is directed to the farces and after-pieces as well as to the chief drama of the evening; and the result has been, we are told, that not only have their first receipts always far exceeded Mr. Macready's, but their second price has distanced his beyond comparison. This is a merit, and not a slight one—one for which they deserve all the more credit, as they have never pretended to conduct the theatre on other principles than those of a commercial speculation, in which they have completely succeeded. Mr. Macready, on the other hand, has always ostensibly claimed applause for heroic sacrifices, which he never attempted to make; having proceeded all along on the merest trading calculations. Has he not now taken Drury Lane upon the easiest possible terms, and upon an understanding that he may give up the theatre at any time it may begin to assume the appearance of a losing concern? And if he has not done this, what then? The responsibility implied, is no more than every speculator willingly incurs for the sake of a possible profit. Let things be put upon their proper footing—and the exertions of the respective managements rated at their just value. Precisely in proportion as both parties advance the cause of living dramatic literature and the improvement of the stage, shall they have our approbation. But we will not permit mere selfish interests to be pursued under false colours.

To return to Mr. Mark Lemon's play, and the very excellent comic company by which it was supported. Although not one of the highest efforts of the Comic Muse, it is very neatly composed, and in some of its scenes greatly amusing. There is likewise an attempt at story in it, and the wit is beside of a somewhat elaborate texture. In a word, there is sufficient evidence of pains-taking. One, however, desires more of dramatic genius, and less of the playwright's craft. The former is essential to a five-act comedy—where it is deficient, the latter leaves too much of it no better than a five-act farce. We recommend Mr. and Mrs. Matthews to see to this, and not appreciate the public taste by too mean a standard. It will bear, we can assure them, much more solid food than has yet been ventured.

The tale may be briefly dispatched: *Marian Mayley*, the heiress of a ship-chandler, wishes for aristocratic distinction by a noble marriage, but is pursued by *Mr. Pye Hilary*, a young barrister, who, having ogled her at the opera, procures, by the assistance of a *Captain Scrope Tarradiddle*, an interview with her, under an assumed title, and, after many incidents which serve to suspend the *dénouement*, succeeds in obtaining her for his wife in his proper name and character.

The incidents alluded to constitute the under-plot or plots. The heiress's guardian, who passes under the name of *Warner*, is troubled with a daughter, *Lucy*, who having, while in the situation of governess (as *Miss De Vere*,) to the family, clandestinely married the son of *Lord Norwold*, is expelled with her husband, on the secret being discovered. They take refuge at the suburban dwelling of *Tarradiddle*, who is the mysterious busybody of the drama—a poor monomaniac, subsisting on ninety pounds a-year, who does all the good he can to all the world, from the benevolence of his nature, and quarrels with

his wife about fetching in potatoes for dinner, from the eccentricity of his disposition. Now it happens, that the dissipated *Lady Norwold* had deposited her diamonds with *Warner* for £5000 : among them is a bracelet, which he eagerly secures ; and then summoning *Lord Norwold* to his house, discloses to his humiliated lordship, that he is his lordship's brother—the same who had been banished home on his lordship's false charge of having stolen that very bracelet. It is not worth while to go into the explanations that ensue. We are afraid that these materials are obviously deficient in interest, and that the play will prove no "commercial speculation." Mr. Farren and Mrs. Humby, however, as the *demirep* philanthropist and his irritated wife, were exceedingly effective. The other characters were supported by Mrs. Glover, Mr. C. Matthews, Miss Cooper, Mr. Diddear, Mr. Bartley, and Mrs. W. Lacy, with their usual ability. Colley Cibber's comedy of *She Would and She Would Not* has been revived at this theatre with considerable success.

POLITICAL SUGGESTIONS.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, as a minister of reconciliation, has commenced his mission with an endeavour to restore a friendly feeling between France and England, and to maintain an especial sympathy between himself and M. Guizot. In this there is much of promise—a proper alliance of nations will render war unnecessary. The idea has already dawned on mankind that an international congress is no impossible thing ; and Sir Robert Peel is acting in accordance with the wiser spirit of the age in conciliating French vanity on the one hand, and identifying himself with French genius on the other.

"Beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings of peace." All the tribes of men are related—all are referable to one and the same philosophic unity as their origin. It is true, that science can never discover this—but science presumes it. Philosophy acknowledges it as a law, and Revelation teaches it as a truth. The sciolist may fail in ascending to Adam—but the mind at a leap masters the proposition, "God is our Father," and its corollary, "All men are brethren!"

There are hopes that our differences with Ireland will cease. A moral revolution in that country has prepared the way for political amelioration. The apostle of temperance has renovated the people.

"A new Ireland," remarks Dr. Channing, "has started into life. Three millions of her population have taken the pledge of total abstinence, and instances of violating the pledge are very, very rare. The great national anniversaries, on which the whole labouring population used to be dissolved in excess, are now given to innocent pleasures. The excise on ardent spirits has now been diminished nearly half a million sterling. History records no revolution like this. It is the grand event of the present day. Father Mathew, the leader in this moral revolution, ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times. As Protestants, we smile at the old legends of the Catholic Church ; but here is something greater, and it is true. However we

may question the claims of her departed saints, she has a living minister, if he may be judged from one work, who deserves to be canonized, and whose name should be placed in the calendar not far below Apostles."

Other changes of a lower order have likewise taken place. A quarter of a century has made strange alterations. Time has cooled resentments, and memory broods not so intensely on the rebellion of 1798, and the insurrection of 1803. Sir Robert Peel has promised the extension of equal justice to all, and the steam-boat facilitates commercial and social intercourse between the sister countries. The peasantry of the country have yet to be conciliated—have yet, in fact, to be won to a sense of the goods of civilization. Much, however, will follow on the newly generated habits of temperance—and the moderation of the present *Conservative* (as distinguished from Tory) party in Ireland will do the rest.

The most difficult task of Government yet remains—the reduction of the business of distribution to a science. The middle class of society needs reform individually and collectively—the transactions of the market must be brought under the dominion of charity. With the introduction of machinery, the principle of competition is altogether inconsistent. It is a demon that must be exorcised from the new state of things. It must yield and give place to the Principle of Association—an Association edified by Conservative energies on the basis of Religious Charity.

On this point, however, there are several errors to be avoided. We have heard that our commercial distresses are due to *over-production*; this is erroneous: they arise evidently from *under-consumption*. Ever since the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, there has been under-consumption. The Aristocracy contracted from that moment their expenses, and the income of the middle classes has become less and less. They have made up from year to year the deficiency from their moderate capitals, until they have arrived at the brink of bankruptcy, or rather (to call it by its proper name) insolvency. This is the case with the most honest and the most prudent; others have toppled down headlong, without notice or a moment's reprieve.

All this is the result of the competitive system, and may manifestly be remedied by the associative.

"We," says Dr. Channing, in a recent pamphlet,* "have powers enough here for a mighty change, were they faithfully used. I would add, that God permits evils for this very end, that they should be resisted and subdued. He intends that this world shall grow better and happier, not through his own immediate agency, but through the labours and sufferings of benevolence. This world is left, in a measure, to the power of evil, that it should become a monument, a trophy to

* The Obligation of a City to Care for and Watch over the Moral Health of its Members; with Remarks on the Life and Character of the Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, Founder of the Ministry at large. A Discourse, Delivered at the Warren Street Chapel, Boston, Jan. 31, 1841, by William E. Channing, D.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

the power of goodness. The greatness of its crimes and woes is not a ground for despair, but a call to greater effort. On our earth the Divine Philanthropist has begun a war with evil. His cross is erected to gather together soldiers for the conflict, and victory is written in his blood. The spirit which Jesus Christ breathes, has already proved itself equal to this warfare. How much has it already done to repress ferocity in Christian nations, to purify domestic life, to abolish or mitigate slavery, to provide asylums for disease and want? These are but its first-fruits. In the progress already made by communities under its influences, we are taught that society is not destined to repeat itself perpetually, to stand still for ever. We learn, that great cities need not continue to be sinks of pollution. No man has seized the grand peculiarity of the present age, who does not see in it the means and material of a vast and beneficent social change. The revolution which we are called to advance, has in truth begun. The great distinction of our times, is a diffusion of intelligence, and refinement, and of the spirit of progress, through a vastly wider sphere than formerly. The middle and labouring classes have means of improvement not dreamed of in earlier times; and why stop here? Why not increase these means where now enjoyed? Why not extend them, where they are not possessed? Why shall any portion of the community be deprived of light of sympathy, of the aids by which they may rise to comfort and virtue?

"At the present moment, it is singularly unreasonable to doubt and despair of the improvement of society. Providence is placing before our eyes, in broad light, the success of efforts for the melioration of human affairs. I might refer to the change proudded among ourselves within a few years, by the exertions of good men for the suppression of intemperance—the very vice which seemed the most inveterate, and which, more than all others, spreads poverty and crime. But this moral revolution in our own country sinks into nothing, when compared with the amazing and almost incredible work now in progress on the other side of the ocean. A few years ago, had we been called to name the country of all others most degraded, beggared, and hopelessly crushed by intemperance, we should have selected Ireland. There, men and women, old and young, were alike swept away by what seemed the irresistible torrent. Childhood was baptized into drunkenness. And now, in the short space of two or three years, this vice of ages has almost been rooted out. In a moral point of view, the Ireland of the past is vanished."

Our hopes for the middle classes are great. If they need reform they are capable of it. Their virtues speak trumpet-tongued in their favour. The evils under which they suffer have kept them always awake, and on the watch against peril. They have been compelled to be fertile in expedients to ward off, and guard against, approaching danger. The wolf can be kept from the door, by discretion and invention only. The tradesman dares not sleep by day—hardly by night. Constant vigilance is demanded, if he would preserve his credit; constant ingenuity must be exercised, if he would extend it. Influences like these call forth a character which will serve as excellent material for a new system and scheme of social order.

Another reason for hope lies in the fact that new wants have become felt by all classes of society. These must necessarily increase the amount of consumption—but new means are therefore required for all classes to support it. The Chartist demands that the labourer should share in the profits of capital:—we may concede that it is desirable his wages should be raised; which, perhaps, is the same thing in effect. The means of increased consumption should be given to the labourer—with leisure for the enjoyment of intellectual and moral recreation. The spirit and scope of Christianity requires this.

“That sympathy,” says Dr. Channing, in the *brochure* already cited, “which provides for the outward wants of all, which sends supplies to the poor man’s house, is a blessed fruit of Christianity; and it is happy when this prevails in and binds together a city. But we have now learned, that the poor are not to be essentially, permanently aided, by the mere relief of bodily wants. We are learning, that the greatest efforts of a community should be directed, not to relieve indigence, but to dry up its sources, to supply moral wants, to spread purer principles and habits, to remove the temptations to intemperance and sloth, to snatch the child from moral perdition, and to make the man equal to his own support, by awakening in him the spirit and the powers of a man. The glory and happiness of a community consists in vigorous efforts, springing from love, sustained by faith, for the diffusion, through all classes, of intelligence, of self-respect, of self-control, of thirst for knowledge, and for moral and religious growth. Here is the first end, the supreme interest, which a community should propose, and in achieving it, all other interests are accomplished.

“It is a plain truth, and yet how little understood, that the greatest thing in a city is Man himself. He is its end. We admire its palaces; but the mechanic who builds them is greater than palaces. Human nature in its lowest form, in the most abject child of want, is of more worth than all outward improvements. You talk of the prosperity of your city. I know but one true prosperity. Does the human soul grow and prosper here? Do not point me to your thronged streets. I ask, who throng them? Is it a low-minded, self-seeking, gold-worshipping, man-despising crowd, which I see rushing through them? Do I meet in them, under the female form, the gaily-decked prostitute, or the idle, wasteful, aimless, profitless woman of fashion? Do I meet the young man, showing off his pretty person as the perfection of nature’s works, wasting his golden hours in dissipation and sloth, and bearing in his countenance and gaze the marks of a profligate? Do I meet a grasping multitude, seeking to thrive by concealments and frauds? An anxious multitude, driven by fear of want to doubtful means of gain? An unfeeling multitude, caring nothing for others, if they may themselves prosper or enjoy? In the neighbourhood of your comfortable or splendid dwellings, are there abodes of squalid misery, of reckless crime, of bestial intemperance, of half-famished childhood, of profaneness, of dissoluteness, of temptation for thoughtless youth? And are these multiplying with your prosperity, and outstripping and neutralising the influences of truth and virtue? Then your prosperity is a vain show. Its true use is to make a better people. The glory and happiness of a city consist not in the number,

but the character of its population. Of all the fine arts in a city, the grandest is the art of forming noble specimens of humanity. The costliest productions of our manufactures are cheap, compared with a wise and good human being. A city which should practically adopt the principle, that a man is worth more than wealth or show, would gain an impulse that would place it at the head of cities. A city in which men should be trained worthy of the name, would become the metropolis of the earth.

"God has prospered us, and, as we believe, is again to prosper us in our business; and let us show our gratitude by inquiring for what end prosperity is given, and how it may best accomplish the end of the Giver. Let us use it to give a higher character to our city, to send refining, purifying influences through every department of life. Let us especially use it to multiply good influences in those classes which are most exposed to temptation. Let us use it to prevent the propagation of crime from parent to child. Let us use it in behalf of those, in whom our nature is most depressed, and who, if neglected, will probably bring on themselves the arm of penal law. Nothing is so just a cause of self-respect in a city, as the healthy, moral condition of those who are most exposed to crime. This is the best proof that the prosperous classes are wise, intelligent, and worthy of their prosperity. Crime is to the state, what dangerous disease is to the human frame; and to expel it, should be to the community an object of the deepest concern. This topic is so important, that I cannot leave it without urging it on your serious thoughts.

"Society has hitherto employed its energy chiefly to punish crime. It is infinitely more important to prevent it; and this I say, not for the sake of those alone on whom the criminal preys. I do not think only or chiefly of those who suffer from crime. I plead also, and plead more, for those who perpetrate it. In moments of clear, calm thought, I feel more for the wrong-doer than for him who is wronged. In a case of theft, incomparably the most wretched man is he who steals, not he who is robbed. The innocent are not *undone* by acts of violence or fraud from which they suffer. They are innocent, though injured. They do not bear the brand of infamous crime; and no language can express the import of this distinction. When I visit the cell of a convict, and see a human being who has sunk beneath his race—who is cast out by his race—whose name cannot be pronounced in his home, or only pronounced to start a tear—who has forfeited the confidence of every friend—who has lost that spring of virtue and effort, the hope of esteem—whose conscience is burdened with irreparable guilt—who has hardened himself against the appeals of religion and love,—here, here I see a Ruin. The man whom he has robbed or murdered, how much happier than he! What I want is, not merely that society should protect itself against crime, but that it shall do all that it can to preserve its exposed members from crime, and so do for the sake of these as truly as for its own. It should not suffer human nature to fall so deeply, so terribly, if the ruin can be avoided. Society ought not to breed Monsters in its bosom. If it will not use its prosperity to save the ignorant and poor from the blackest vice, if it will even quicken vice by its selfishness and luxury,

its worship of wealth, its scorn of human nature, then it must suffer, and deserves to suffer, from crime.

"I would that, as a city, we might understand and feel, how far we are chargeable with much of the crime and misery around us, of which we complain. Is it not an acknowledged moral truth, that we are answerable for all evil which we are able, but have failed, to prevent? Were Providence to put us in possession of a remedy for a man dying at our feet, and should we withhold it, would not the guilt of his death lie at our door? Are we not accessory to the destruction of the blind man, who, in our sight, approaches a precipice, and whom we do not warn of his danger? On the same ground, much of the guilt and misery around us, must be imputed to ourselves. Why is it, that so many children in a large city grow up in ignorance and vice? Because that city abandons them to ruinous influences, from which it might and ought to rescue them. Why is beggary so often transmitted from parent to child? Because the public, and because individuals, do little or nothing to break the fatal inheritance. Whence come many of the darkest crimes? From despondency, recklessness, and a pressure of suffering, which sympathy would have lightened. Human sympathy, Christian sympathy, were it to penetrate the dwellings of the ignorant, poor, and suffering—were its voice lifted up to encourage, guide, and console, and its arm stretched out to sustain,—what a new world would it call into being! What a new city should we live in! How many victims of stern justice would become the living, joyful witnesses of the regenerating power of a wise Christian love!

"In these remarks I have expressed sympathy with the criminal; but do not imagine that I have any desire to screen him from that wise punishment which aims at once to reform offenders and protect society. The mercy which would turn aside the righteous penalties of law, is, however unconsciously, a form of cruelty. As friends of the tempted part of the community, we should make the escape of the criminal next to hopeless. But let not society stop here. Let it use every means in its power of rescuing its members from the degradation and misery of crime and public punishment. Let it especially protect the exposed child. Here is a paramount duty, which no community has yet fulfilled. If the child be left to grow up in utter ignorance of duty, of its Maker, of its relation to society, to grow up in an atmosphere of profaneness and intemperance, and in the practice of falsehood and fraud, let not the community complain of his crime. It has quietly looked on and seen him, year after year, arming himself against its order and peace; and who is most to blame when at last he deals the guilty blow? A moral care over the tempted and ignorant portion of the state, is a primary duty of society.

"I know that objection will be made to this representation of duty. It will be said, by not a few, 'We have not time to take care of others. We do our part in taking care of ourselves and our families. Let every man watch over his own household, and society will be at peace.' I reply, first, this defence is not founded in truth. Very few can honestly say, that they have no time or strength to spend beyond their families. How much time, thought, wealth, strength,

is wasted, absolutely wasted, by a large proportion of every people ! Were the will equal to the power, were there a fraternal concern for the falling and fallen members of the community, what an amount of energy would be spent in redeeming society from its terrible evils, without the slightest diminution of exertion at home !

“ But, still more, we defeat ourselves, when we neglect the moral state of the city where we live, under pretence of caring for our families. How little may it profit you, my friends, that you labour at home, if in the next street, amidst haunts of vice, the incendiary, the thief, the ruffian, is learning his lesson, or preparing his instruments of destruction ? How little may it profit you, that you are striving to educate your children, if around you, the children of others are neglected, are contaminated with evil principles or impure passions ? Where is it that our sons often receive the most powerful impulses ? In the street, at school, from associates. Their ruin may be sealed by a young female brought up in the haunts of vice. Their first oaths may be echoes of profaneness which they hear from the sons of the abandoned. What is the great obstruction to our efforts for educating our children ? It is the corruption around us. That corruption steals into our homes, and neutralizes the influence of home. We hope to keep our little circle pure amidst general impurity. This is like striving to keep our particular houses healthy, when infection is raging around us. If an accumulation of filth in our neighbourhood, were sending forth foul stench and pestilential vapours on every side, we should not plead as a reason for letting it remain, that we were striving to prevent a like accumulation within our own doors. Disease would not less certainly invade us, because the source of it was not prepared by ourselves. The infection of moral evil is as perilous as that of the plague. We have a personal interest in the prevalence of order and good principles on every side. If any member of the social body suffer, all must suffer with it. This is God’s ordination, and his merciful ordination. It is thus that he summons us to watch over our brother for his good. In this city, where the children are taught chiefly in public schools, all parents have peculiar reasons for seeking that all classes of society be improved.

“ Let me add one more reply to the excuse for neglecting others, drawn from the necessity of attending to our own families. True, we must attend to our families ; but what is the great end which we should propose in regard to our children ? Is it, to train them up for themselves only ? to shut them up in their own pleasures ? to give them a knowledge by which they may serve their private interests ? Should it not be our first care, to breathe into them the spirit of Christians ? to give them a generous interest in our race ? to fit them to live and to die for their fellow-beings ? Is not this the true education ? And can we, then, educate them better, than by giving them, in our own persons, examples of a true concern for our less prosperous fellow-creatures ? Should not our common tones awaken in them sympathy with the poor, and ignorant, and depraved ? Should not the influences of home fit them to go forth as the benefactors of their race ? This is a Christian education. This is worth all accom-

plishments. Give to society a generous, disinterested son or daughter, and you will pay with interest the debt you owe it. Blessed is that home, where such members are formed, to be heads of future families and fountains of pure influence to the communities of which they form a part. In this respect our education is most deficient. Whilst we pay profusely for superficial accomplishments, very little is done to breathe a noble, heroic, self-sacrificing spirit into the young."

The means of refined indulgence to all classes of society may be found in the promotion of public improvements. Magnificent works of all kinds should be projected, by which great towns may be serviceably ornamented. We have now lying before us Sir Frederick Trench's letter to the Viscount Duncannon on the formation of a quay along the north bank of the river Thames.* It is a design which should be taken in hand forthwith, and carried forward with "all appliances and means to boot." Recent circumstances have, indeed, made the plan more desirable than formerly.

"The removal," says the letter-writer, "of the Old London Bridge and the erection of the new one produced the effects that were anticipated. Shoals increased to impede the navigation, mud banks accumulated, and 'a larger surface of the bank of the river at low water being exposed, therefore, the injurious or unpleasant effects from a discharge of the sewers is greater than before!' But the erection of the terrace on which the Houses of Parliament are to stand, has very much aggravated those evils; the irregular efforts at dredging the river have created banks on which the backs of barges are frequently broken, and on the 14th of June, 1840, eight boats with passengers were seen aground upon these new shoals at one moment. 'The banks of mud have increased in size and consistence; and near Westminster, where we used to have five feet water before the embankment took place, it is now all filled up with mud;' lower down the banks are covered with vegetation, which, being manured by the sluggish filth from the sewers, present the strange spectacle of a rich green crop, and make the air absolutely pestilential. These evils will all be remedied by the proposed embankment; 'the lighterman can then go to all the wharfs up and down the river at all times of tide, instead of stopping till the tide turns, or running aground and losing a tide;' and in addition to these advantages, the majestic Thames will flow in a well-directed even current; and instead of foetid banks of mud will afford *deep water and a clean shore* (as at Millbank); and the filth of the sewers being brought at once into a strong current, will speedily be swept away. Questions 191 and 192 point out the cause of that nuisance which is 'now both seen and smelt,' and show how it will be effectually removed!

"Upon these grounds it is that I now anticipate zealous co-operation where in 1826 I found strong opposition. Every one can understand the difference between the freshness of the air which passes over '*deep water and a clean shore*,' and the heaviness of that vapour

* Letter from Sir Frederick Trench to the Viscount Duncannon, First Commissioner of Woods and Forests, &c. &c. London: John Ollivier, Pall Mall. 1841.

which hangs over the mud banks of the river, disagreeable even at high water, offensive at half-tide, and at low water (with a hot sun) sickening and disgusting.

"The Emperor of Russia lamented that the finest river in Europe should be condemned to be a *Cloaca Maxima*, and complained that, after a fortnight's residence in London, he had not obtained a sight of the Thames of which he had heard so much. The plan I now propose will bring its grandeur and beauty into daily and hourly observation, and no one will deny that a railroad running from London Bridge to Hungerford Market (which may be passed over in four minutes), will be a great accommodation to the public; and I think it will be admitted that such a colonnade as I now propose to you, affording a walk of one mile and three quarters in length, and sheltered from sun and rain, will be a feature of utility and magnificence not to be equalled in any capital in Europe. Your lordship has already expressed your conviction of the great importance of the plan I submitted to your consideration when it first occurred to me—and if I can prove that it will not only pay its own expenses, but the expense of erecting the whole of the embankment suggested by Mr. Walker, as well as the railroad, and promenade, and carriage road which I now propose, and leave a very large surplus for its embellishment and for other objects of improvement; I am confident that such a plan will receive all the assistance and protection which your official situation enables you to give it!

"It is but justice to admit the judicious and effective manner in which you have administered the important department entrusted to your care. I have seen with pleasure your arrangements in Hyde Park and the Green Park. I find you endeavouring to establish a place of healthful recreation for the inhabitants of the eastern part of this crowded city; and I acquit you of the guilt of all the *petitesse* and cockney prettynesses which have disgraced the stately avenues of St. James's Park with little lakes, and little islands, and little clumps of pretty little shrubs! very fit improvements for the twenty or thirty acres of a wealthy shopkeeper in the vicinity of London, but utterly unsuited to the character of a great park in the centre of a great city.

"I have taken great pains to ascertain the accuracy of the data which I am now about to submit to your consideration; I consulted Mr. Walker as you suggested; I also consulted my old friend, Sir Frederick Smith (who deservedly enjoys your confidence), and they both agreed in opinion that the plan I propose is not only practicable, but if carried to London Bridge, must be very profitable. Mr. Walker declined entering into details of ways and means, but his evidence before the Thames Embankment Committee affords most important data; and Sir Frederick Smith's opinion was verified by notes made of the work actually executed and paid for at the Blackwall Railway. I have had the advantage of having my figures checked by Mr. Bidder, a very able and intelligent engineer, one of the superintendants of the works carried on at the station in the Minories. Supported by such authorities, I hope to convince you and the public, that a railroad from London Bridge to Hungerford Market will not only pay for its own

formation and the embankment proposed by Mr. Walker, but will produce an immense surplus, which I should like to see employed,—First, in completing an embankment on the south side of the river, and giving every possible accommodation to the occupants of its banks;—and next, in opening to the river that beautiful portico and front of St. Paul's, opposite to Paul's Chain, and forming a street from thence to the river, terminated by a fountain and *jet d'eau*, with a double flight of steps to the water, as copied from a lithograph of mine in your possession,—the effect of this you will see in the annexed sketch, from B to C. I have also sketched a small portion of the Temple Gardens, showing the chapel and a few trees, to give a faint idea of the effect which may be produced, as from A. to B.

“Mr. Walker's plan is fully and clearly explained in the evidence taken before the Committee on the Thames Embankment, printed July 29, 1840, and occasionally referred to in the margin of this letter. His embankment was to extend from Vauxhall Bridge to Dowgate Dock, which is one thousand feet from London Bridge. The shoals were to be removed, the river to be narrowed and deepened, and the materials taken out of it to be employed to fill up the interval between the new embankment and the present banks of the river, except where it was necessary to keep a passage open for barges; at these openings the further accumulation of mud would be prevented by dwarf piles three or four feet above low water (by the Trinity Standard), over which the barges could pass and rest (as they now do), upon their beds of mud. The estimated expense of this work (facing the wall with brick) is £220,000 for the solid embankment, and £17,000 for the dwarf piling=£237,000.

“I propose to begin the embankment and railroad at Hungerford Market—to continue both to London Bridge, and I would face the whole with stone, or with plates of cast iron to imitate stone. The breadth of the railroad should be thirty feet, supported on columns thirteen or fourteen feet high. I calculate the whole of the embankment at four feet above high water of the Trinity Standard. In my sketch I have made the arches from two to four feet wider than the widest barge, but they may be constructed of any width that may be deemed better, either for convenience or beauty, and each pier will occupy the space of a certain number of dwarf piles. In passing through the arches at the very top of high water the barges will have three feet of head room, and every minute after will give greater facility of access; and any amount of air and light can be obtained by gratings in the promenade.

“I tried various modes of finishing the walls of the embankment to the river, first, by throwing them into panels—and again by making blank arches to correspond with the open ones. You will see two of these in the annexed sketch; but, on the whole, I incline to prefer the simple, solid rustic wall. The colonnade would be just the height of the portico at the Pantheon, and the entablature and balustrade should be of the most chaste and simple description. Calculating upon so large a fund, as I confidently anticipate, I would propose that all the ground reclaimed from the muddy banks of the river (except so much as is necessary to form a carriage road along the side of the prome-

nade) should be disposed of and arranged on *terms the most advantageous, and in the manner most agreeable* to the owners of the property on its banks. The Government can well afford to conciliate them all, and of every class, by the most liberal treatment. We may expect to see wharfs, warehouses, and dwelling houses erected hereafter, and they ought to be built according to such handsome architectural designs as the Government may approve. I think the alternation of arches, with a rustic solid wall, will produce a pleasing variety. I have made my sketch at half-tide, slightly indicating the lower half of the embankment and piers of the arches as if seen through the water. The ornaments in the spandrils of the arches (the crown, the rose, the portcullis, or any others) may be of cast iron (which is cheaper than stone), and the columns, entablature, and balustrades, the cross beams, and the frame of the railroad terrace, should all be of the same material. The carriages must be made as low as is consistent with convenience, and should be moved (as on the Blackwall Railway) by a stationary power, and be arranged so that each carriage starts from its station at the same moment and all arrive in due succession. The mode of stopping a carriage, or discharging it from the rope while in full action, is safe, simple, and effective. The electrical telegraph, employed to give signals along the line, may be made available to carry orders from the admiralty, or the treasury, or the board of trade, literally *with the speed of light*. I saw a message transmitted from the Minorities to Blackwall, and an answer (containing several words) returned in less than one minute.

"I propose the rails for the trains to be of wood, so that there will be no more noise than when a carriage passes over the wooden pavement! and those who have walked under the galleries in the Quadrant, in Regent Street, may form an idea of what the proposed promenade will be by imagining the two trottoirs of the Quadrant brought together, supported on four columns, and continued for one mile and three quarters, protecting those who walk under it from sun or rain, but with the option of walking in the open air if preferred. The height of the whole railroad must, of course, be regulated by the height of the lowest arch under which it will have to pass!

"You will see that the inequality of the currents as now existing, have undermined some of the piers at Blackfriars and Westminster bridges, and is considered dangerous to the buildings on the banks of the river. Somerset House is quoted as an instance; and Sir Edward Banks, seeing the danger, proposed to throw down three thousand tons of stone in front of the existing terrace, with a view to preserve it and Waterloo Bridge from future injury.

"A terminus at Hungerford Market will place all the passengers from the city in the great connecting point of traffic, whether *westward*, towards Pall Mall, St. James's, Piccadilly, and Hyde Park Corner; or *southward*, towards Westminster Hall, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament; and I should much regret the removing the general current of communication from so beautiful a line! But if at a future day it should be deemed advisable to continue a railroad from Hungerford Market to Westminster Bridge, it would be perfectly practicable to construct it in such a manner as not

to be the slightest annoyance to those who reside on the banks of the river !

" In that case (the present gardens being extended from 180 to 250 feet over the existing mud banks), I would suggest that the thirty feet next to the water should be formed into a terrace, with a handsome balustrade, and on a level with the existing terraces in front of the houses ;—upon a ledge or broad step under that terrace, and three feet above high water would run the railroad ; and a balcony, on handsome corbals, thrown out a few feet beyond the balustrade, would effectually cover the railway, and carry the line of vision *over* the outward extremity of the balcony, so that the eye of a spectator at the balustrade of the terrace could rest only on the river ; and if the rails are made of wood, the ear of the proprietor of the garden would be as little offended as his eye, and the carriages being moved by a stationary power, he would know no more of the passing trains than the man who stands over a tunnel does of what is passing at a depth of fifty feet below him.

" According to my view the embankment and railroad might be completed in one year, and its formation will immediately effect many of the advantages contemplated !

" The moment the line is marked out, a well-organized, systematic dredging of the river may be commenced, and the stuff taken from existing shoals as well as that from the foundations of the new Houses of Parliament may be deposited in places to be fixed on by the engineer even before the embankment itself is begun.

" The improvement of the sewerage may be carried on with greater facility and better effect *before* the filling in at the back of the proposed embankment is completed ; and we may include among the advantages to be derived from the immediate construction of the embankment,—the removal of the stench and mal-aria from the mud banks, and the relieving the trading streets from a portion of that omnibus nuisance, which, in a recent trial, is well described ' as creeping along the edge of the trottoirs, in an uninterrupted string, at the rate of one mile an hour ;' and I think that any measure which will give freer access to the shops in the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Cheapside, ought to meet with the cordial support of all the shopkeepers on that line.

" In the Appendix you will find a report of Sir John Rennie and Mr. Mylne, dated Oct. 28, 1831, which affords ample confirmation of the advantages of the embankment ; and shows that the land to be gained from the river, if sold at two-pence per superficial foot, would pay the whole expense of the work, and leave a surplus of £12,000 per annum.

" Again, you will see a report of Messrs. Scott and Frith, dated Jan. 30, 1832, showing the efforts that have been made at different periods to improve the navigation of the Thames ; and there you will find the opinion of these scientific gentlemen, as well as Mr. Jessop's, of the great importance of an embankment for that great object, as well as to remove the crying nuisance of unwholesome effluvia which now taints the atmosphere, and seriously injures the health of those who live in the vicinity of the river !

"As to the time required for the execution of this work, I reason thus—if it would take one hundred men ten years to complete any given work, one thousand men would do the same thing in one year. However, my censors say, that though this may be logic, yet it is not reasonable in practice. But they, and all parties, admit that after allowing ample time for forming contracts, burning bricks, quarrying stone, and casting iron, the work may be completed within two years; and I have very good authority for stating that if the Government be *unwilling*, or *unable*, to advance the money as it is required for the completion of the undertaking, there are capitalists, in the city of London, ready to purchase, on speculation (a plan I strongly deprecate), or to lend the money, as it is wanted, at five per cent., upon the security of the work itself.

"In the estimates of expense, every item is intentionally put at the highest price, and the rate of payment is taken very low. There are very few persons who would not prefer a railroad in less than four minutes, to an omnibus in half an hour or an hour; or to water conveyance, tedious, and liable to interruption from frost and ice; but I confess it appears to me that the number is very much underrated; and my advisers (anxious to be within bounds) do not take at all into their consideration the pedestrians who would be tempted, by rapidity and cheapness, to expend 4½*d.*, or those who now make use of cabs and hackney coaches; or the *probable* flow of passengers from the railways, which do, or soon will, terminate at or near London Bridge; or the *certain* increase of traffic which always attends greater facility and greater rapidity of communication.

"As to the number of years' purchase at which the income should be rated, these gentlemen think it safer to take twenty years! But Mr. Higgins, a surveyor of long standing and great experience in these matters, says, 'a ground rent well secured has sold for thirty or thirty-one years' purchase, and I take twenty-five years' purchase as a fair medium.' You, my lord, may discuss this point with Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I think both you and he will admit that I have made out the case I stated in the House of Commons on the 10th of June last! and that this great work may be effected without imposing one farthing of tax upon the people, and without any reference to the amount that may be produced from the sale of the land to be gained from the river, and which, at two-pence per superficial foot, would produce £310,000. Now I should wish to let the owners of property on the banks have this land at half its value, and if that sum of £155,000, be added to the surplus of £806,050, admitted in the second estimate, it would make an available surplus of £961,050 arising out of a fare of 4½*d.* on so very low calculation of passengers; my statement was that a million of surplus might be obtained.

"Petersburgh, Stockholm, Dresden, Naples, Messina, Catania, and every town upon the Continent, great or small, that commands a tolerable reach of water, has its terraces or quays. Paris has ornamented the banks of its narrow Seine; and the still more insignificant Liffy has quays of singular beauty, extending on one side from the Phoenix Park to the Custom House, and on the other, from the Old Man's Hospital to the Light House, a distance of something like three

English miles; while the wide and majestic Thames has been condemned to what *Civis* calls '*its proper uses, to carry merchandize and coals, and the canal trade; and to take off the streams of the great sewers!*' But the plan I now propose will make this noble river a great feature of beauty as well as a great source of wealth; and (if adopted) the hitherto neglected Thames will become the pride of England and the admiration of the world."

The Viscount Duncannon is now out of office—his successor, however, would do well to consider the plan. Employ the people, if you would govern the people. Under-consumption means deficiency of employment, or inadequate wages. The hours of physical labour must be reduced in number, and be paid for at a higher rate than formerly. Nor is it inconsistent to demand this; for machinery is substituting all but skilled labour—and skilled labour should be highly paid. Part of its payment consists in its affording leisure for self-cultivation, and furnishing the means for its accomplishment. The skilled labourer is the highest style of man. The poet himself is but the highest kind of skilled labourer. Let us not then revolt against the cry for higher wages, but set about providing the means for affording them.

High wages necessitate high prices;—high prices, however, only mean cheap money. It is good for money to be cheap on all accounts. Morally, it tends to abate the lust of lucre; and intellectually, it causes us to place more value on the thing bought than on what buys it. What is gold that will not convert into food or raiment? It is well to have the true relations of things thus forced upon us. In a physical point of view, the increased divisibility of the circulating medium is a great convenience. Were wages now at a penny a day, and half a farthing the smallest coin, a single act of benevolence to that extent in coin would absorb the eighth of a day's income. We place little weight therefore on a repeal of the Corn Laws with a view to lowering the price of bread. Let wages rise, say we, to the price of bread; and so regulate the distribution of the wealth produced by skill and labour, that every individual in the state may have his share. We need care then very little for the foreign market; the demand will then be, at least, equal to the supply at home.

Having satisfied ourselves that food and raiment are more than money, we may easily rise to the higher truth, that the body is more than both, and that the soul is greatest of all. Nothing need be urged in favour of cultivating the common humanity in each individual man. This point is now everywhere insisted upon. All the occupations of man are but so many modes of his education. Their results are for eternity, not for time. Let statesmen recollect that it is for immortal beings they are legislating—and proceed in their work devoutly; and as ministers of a heavenly, as well as an earthly potentate. There is no political question which is not also a religious one—and here it is that we are called upon to consider the condition of the Church, its nature and influence;—a subject which requires a paper to itself.